HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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ANOTHER SEDAN.

"Submit or Resign."—GAMBETTA's *Speech at Lille.*

☞ The attention of our readers is respectfully directed to the Prospectus of HARPER'S WEEKLY and HARPER'S BAZAR, which appears on page 891. The beginning of VICTOR HUGO'S new work in the pages of the WEEKLY offers a rare inducement to subscribers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a splendid double-page engraving, entitled*

"A CONFLAGRATION IN A JAPANESE CITY,"

and other interesting features.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND REFORM.

IT was not possible that an administration or a President should propose a serious reform in the civil service without deadly hostility and active opposition. The late President, who had been trained in the army, and had seen a great public service managed upon reasonable principles, was naturally inclined to a reform which is essentially reasonable, and which would spare the Executive so much vexation, and the country so much waste and peril. But he was soon overborne by the hostility which he encountered, and the evils of the system were as conspicuous under his administration as they had ever been. Those who are fond of calling themselves practical politicians have been of the opinion that it was well enough to make a bow in the platform to the well-meaning visionaries who thought that there could be some advantageous changes in the system. But in their opinion it must at the same time be well understood that no change should be made. There should be a loud demand for honesty and capacity in official position, and that demand should constitute reform. No man, they were sure, would be so foolish or treacherous as to doubt that his own party could furnish all the honesty and capacity required, so that reform of the civil service would consist in the vigorous continuance of the spoils system under a demand of change. It is amusing to see how solemnly the "practical politicians" have played this little game. Their literary allies have, with equal gravity, announced that all the reform necessary was to appoint honest and capable men, and have added, with fine sarcasm, that a precise knowledge of the river system of Central Africa was not indispensable to a faithful and efficient gauger or weigher.

If President HAYES upon his inauguration had said nothing upon the subject except that honest and able men must be appointed, and if he had then proceeded quietly to ignore all that he had said in his letter of acceptance, all that he had reiterated in his inaugural speech, and all that he has constantly asserted, those who now most loudly condemn him for disorganizing the party would have been silent. But the party would have suffered none the less. The friends of a reform of the civil service system are quite as much in earnest as the enemies, and if the Administration had surrendered as GRANT surrendered, they would have been quite as much dissatisfied as the friends of the spoils system are now. And if the Administration should now show that it had neither the conviction nor the courage necessary to the task of real reform, the friends of reform would necessarily lose confidence in the Administration. Republicans like ex-Senator CHANDLER, of Michigan, who conducted the Republican campaign of last year, in which the platform of the party was laid down at Cincinnati and in the candidate's letter of acceptance, should have considered a little more carefully that the platform and the letter were believed by a very important body of Republicans to mean something. Indeed, the Republican party is full of men who believe that the public welfare, and not party success, is the great object of political action. Such men are Republicans because they hold that organization to offer the most probable means of obtaining certain results. But if they see that the organization is ruled by those who despise those results, and who aim at personal ends and power, they are very apt not to vote. For how can they hope to change that rule if they do all that they can to confirm it by making it successful? If in any county, for instance, a man's party managers nominate improper candidates for office, how can he expect to secure the nomination of proper candidates if he meekly sustains the nominations? In the same way, if he desires a reform in the civil service which shall secure the appointment and retention of fit men and the exclusion of politics from the service, how can he reasonably expect to promote it by supporting a party management which is bitterly hostile to it? There is nothing more practical than the choice of efficient means for distinct ends, and those who are in earnest for such ends are not very likely to be dismayed because those who oppose the object deride it as unpractical, and sneer at its friends as fools. There is no breath so wholly wasted as that which is spent in personal abuse of honest opponents.

The Administration of Mr. HAYES amid immense and peculiar difficulties proposed to attempt a reform. It will be resolutely and contemptuously withstood by a powerful body of shrewd and experienced party leaders. It will be sustained by a large and sincere but unorganized public sentiment. In such a contest, and under such conditions, the Administration will gain nothing, and it will lose very much by timidity, hesitation, or evasion. Want of vigor and decision will alienate the hearty support of many of the truest friends of the cause, and it will propitiate no enemy. The effort for reform, resolutely and intelligently made, will encounter a tremendous opposition, but it will also kindle great enthusiasm, and progress will become easier with every step. If the contest should grow to be so severe as in the opinion of the Administration to endanger more important interests, we hope that the fact will be frankly acknowledged. But we hope also that such a conclusion will not be hastily reached; for it will not be easy to find a more important interest than that which is involved in this question.

PARTY HARMONY.

AN article in the Indianapolis *Journal* is announced as expressing the views of Senator MORTON. The unfortunate illness of that gentleman prevents his attendance in his place in Washington, and this article may therefore be regarded as his counsel upon the differences between the President and the party. The article is long, but the advice is very short. It is substantially this: first, that the Southern question is closed, and there is no use in quarreling over spilled milk; and second, that the President has made a mistake in regard to the reform of the civil service, and should confess it and repair damages at once. This is advice offered in good faith and with sincere regard for party harmony. But it omits some essential considerations. How can party harmony be preserved by a declaration that the spoils system is to continue? Granting, for the argument, that those who are hostile to it are not a majority of the party, what object has the party to accomplish which would probably hold those who favor reform to the support of an Administration which should deliberately abandon it? If the Administration should follow Senator MORTON'S advice, and acquiesce in a surrender upon this point, upon what other could it hold out? Forced to abandon reform, it would have less strength to resist the onset upon the cabinet. And when the President had abandoned his letter of acceptance and his inaugural and his cabinet, would he, in Mr. MORTON'S opinion, be in a more respectable position, or would the Republican party be more harmonious than it is now?

Mr. MORTON would have friendly understanding and mutual concession. But how is such friendly understanding to be brought about? Suppose, as Mr. MORTON suggests, the President should confer with members of Congress about appointments. If he declared distinctly that he did not mean to be governed by the advice of members, except as by the advice of all good and intelligent citizens, would such a declaration probably induce members of Congress who feel hostile to call upon the President, or to feel more cordially toward him? Mr. MORTON repeats General BUTLER'S old argument that Senators and Representatives are the chosen agents of their States and districts, and that they are better informed as to the proper persons to be appointed in those districts than any other person can be. But this is begging the whole question. The President knows, and every intelligent man knows, that to this very practice of Congressional interference is due a system of abuse which has virtually put up offices for sale, and has compelled the Executive to distrust Congressional recommendations. It is an evil inseparable from patronage and mere personal influence, and it has led to a practical absorption of the executive power by the legislature, and to an almost despotic office-holding control of politics. It is a mischief which extravagantly multiplies places, and which increases with every new place. It is a wrong which can not be righted as long as every man in office holds his place at the whim of a party committee, or an ambitious aspirant, or a Representative or Senator in Congress.

Now the contest is between the supporters of this system and its opponents. The President opposes it. What kind of concession would Mr. MORTON recommend to him? The article to which we refer recommends surrender. But as surrender could not be concealed, and would instantly alienate the truest friends of the Administration, we do not see how it would tend to unite the party.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTIONS.

CONGRESS has promptly addressed itself to one of the most important questions before it—that of Presidential elections. The experience of last year was too grave and menacing to be lightly encountered again. And it is a disgrace to an intelligent people that no proper permanent legal provision has been made for every contingency of a Presidential election. Each House of Congress has appointed a committee to consider and consult, and to report by bill or otherwise. Fortunately the differences that may arise will probably be of a kind that will not inflame mere party spirit, and it may fairly be assumed that a satisfactory system will be submitted and adopted. The choice will undoubtedly lie between a national and a federal system—a vote by the people or by the States. And here again it is probable that there will be a compromise in the spirit of the Constitution; that is to say, there will be some recognition of the State, and the decision will not rest entirely with the majority of the whole popular vote.

Mr. MORTON'S plan, to which we have often alluded, contemplates a popular vote in each Congressional district and two votes at large for the State, to be determined by the majority of district votes. Thus, if a State contains ten districts, and six of them vote for A and four for B, the two State votes shall be given to A. A minority President is possible under such a scheme, indeed, but if the States are to be recognized at all in the election, it is not practicable to avoid entirely the chance of such a result. Mr. MORTON'S plan also provides for tribunals to decide all questions that may arise. It may be taken for granted that a purely popular scheme, enabling the majority of the aggregate vote of all the States to decide, could not be adopted. The smaller States would not surrender their equality and submit to be merged entirely in a *plebiscite.* The scheme to be adopted must respect our dual system, our national Union, and not a consolidated nationality. It is undoubtedly true that we have outgrown much of the feeling and much of the necessity of State jealousy. But local government and feeling and tradition are always bulwarks of a sound republican system, and the general welfare is imperiled when they are endangered.

The signal advantage of Mr. MORTON'S plan is that while it recognizes the State, it still brings the election, as the phrase is, close to the people. And the detail of his scheme is justified by the distribution of the electoral vote among the Congressional districts. Let each district select its own representative in the executive as in the legislative election. It obviates the objection to a mere majority by giving a voice, so to speak, to the minority. If four districts, for instance, prefer B, while six prefer A, it is more congenial to the spirit of a popular government that the four should be heard; because, while resting upon a majority, such a government, if wise, would give the minority its due weight. Senator EDMUNDS, one of the ablest, most experienced, and most sagacious of our public men, has taken up the subject in opposition to Mr. MORTON'S view, and we shall recur to his treatment of the question.

REMOVALS FROM OFFICE.

THE question is constantly asked whether the object of what is called reform of the civil service is not to secure the official services of honest and efficient officers, and if so, whether it is consonant with reform to remove such officers. The reply is that reform consists in the establishment of a system by which qualifications impartially ascertained shall be the ground of selection, which will prevent arbitrary removal, and secure a tenure of fidelity and ability. This, however, is a system that, under existing laws, can be secured only by the sincere co-operation of the chief officers, who have the power of appointment and removal. If, now, there be an honest and efficient officer who holds that it is necessary and proper that that power should be exercised for party and political objects, and uses it accordingly, he is the most serious obstruction of the reform conceivable, and an Administration which was in earnest would, of course, remove him. Such an officer would be removed not because he was an honest and efficient officer, but because he was an honest and efficient impediment to reform.

One of the worst abuses of the spoils system of the civil service is the office-holding control of politics, which in many places is practically a despotism. This has been nowhere more apparent for many years than in the New York Custom-house. Now we have never charged, or insinuated, or imagined that the chiefs of the Custom-house were other than honest and efficient customs officers. But we have known, in common with all who take an active part in politics, their practical control of the party machinery. In the city of New York, which sends a large proportion of the delegates to every State Convention, no Republican can vote for delegates who is not a member of an "association," and the associations have been wholly managed by the Custom-house and other national offices, as the proceedings under the President's order showed. The Custom-house virtually appointed the delegates in the city, and the allies of the Custom-house throughout the State did what they could in the same way. In all this the patronage of the Custom-house and other offices was, of course, a controlling power, wielded by the honest and efficient official chiefs. The President announced that he should consider this conduct ground of removal. It was, in fact, an illicit use of the patronage, interfering with the freedom of elections, and the President virtually requested all such officers to abstain from an active participation in the management of caucuses, conventions, and committees.

Let us take an illustration. Mr. CORNELL was Naval Officer at New York. He was also chairman of the State Republican Committee. He did not resign. He took part in the meeting of the committee that called the State Convention. He took part in the organization of the Convention. He was not elected to the new committee, but when it organized, after the Convention, he sat in an adjoining room, and was practically an active participant in the deliberations. Now if the Administration be really in earnest in its purpose of separating politics and the customs service, and of correcting the abuses of patronage, ought it to retain Mr. CORNELL because he is an honest and efficient officer? Could it retain him without discrediting itself and betraying its own purposes? Yet should it replace him with a successor who holds the same views of the patronage, and who would as honestly and efficiently carry them out, we should say, without hesitation, that the change in that instance could not truly be called reform. We should not, indeed, conclude that the Administration was false and hypocritical, because it is not to be judged by every detail of action, but by its general spirit and evident purpose. The same reasoning applies to the case of the Collector. No word of ours in these columns or elsewhere has ever implied doubt of his character or conduct. But he belongs by conviction and practice to the system which it is proposed to change. And therefore, upon every ground, the change is to be intrusted to a friend, and not to an opponent. Let us again suppose a case. The President thinks that the Custom-house should be taken out of politics. The Collector thinks that it should be kept in politics. Could the President properly retain the Collector, however honest and capable an officer he might be? Nobody who does not choose needs to be sophisticated or confused upon this subject.

CAMERONIAN POLITICS.

THE State Department seems to have fallen into some unfortunate complication with the Republican Congressional delegation from Pennsylvania in regard to the mission to England. The story is that the Secretary, having decided to appoint some gentleman from Pennsylvania, asked Senator CAMERON to consult the delegation, and agreed that the person whom the delegation recommended should be nominated. To the amazement of every body not familiar with the remarkable politics and politicians of Pennsylvania, the delegation unanimously recommended Mr. SIMON CAMERON. On the Secretary's behalf it is stated—and the statement is certainly most probable—that the understanding was that the selection should be agreeable to the Administration. It is, indeed, difficult to see why any member of this Administration should have left the decision of such a question to such a body; but it is hardly credible that there should have been an agreement to abide under all circumstances by its decision. The Secretary of State is a cool man who is accustomed to deal with clever men, and who is not supposed to give them many advantages in point of wariness. It is highly improbable that under the mere expectation that the delegation would name some-

body else, he should have committed himself in advance to the possible selection of Mr. CAMERON.

A misunderstanding is very conceivable; nor is it necessary to reflect upon the honor of either side. General GRANT always insisted that Mr. SUMNER promised to support the San Domingo treaty, and unquestionably that was his honest impression. On the other hand, Mr. SUMNER always asserted that he said in substance, not having seen the treaty, that he hoped to be able to sustain all the acts of the Administration. It was a natural and courteous reply. But he always declared that it was preposterous to suppose that he, of all men, and in his position as chairman of the Foreign Committee of the Senate, would commit himself in advance to the support of a treaty that he had not carefully considered, and which involved the rights of colored men. Nothing, certainly, could be more probable. Yet there was a direct issue of fact between the Senator and the President.

A similar misunderstanding is very possible in the present case. It is easily conceivable that after a conversation upon the subject, expressive upon the Secretary's part of a desire to give the position to Pennsylvania and to know the preference of the delegation, the Senator should have supposed that the Secretary pledged himself to be governed by the decision. But, on the other hand, it is, we repeat, incredible that the Secretary should have committed himself unreservedly to the decision. In every point of view the affair is unfortunate. But the instant general feeling of amazement and protest is very instructive. Mr. SIMON CAMERON is accepted as the type of political morals and methods which are no longer tolerable. It is, we grant, a very biting sarcasm to call those who object to Cameronian politics, goodies. It is also a formidable argument. But we doubt if it will secure the nomination of Mr. CAMERON, or the identification of the Administration with the spirit and practices which its supporters despise.

THE CITY AMENDMENTS.

A MEETING of those who are friendly to the proposed constitutional amendments in New York, and who are in favor of submitting them to the vote of the people, was lately called, and the opponents of the amendments tried to break up the meeting. This tyrannical intolerance of difference of opinion, and the disposition forcibly to suppress the expression of that difference, are the reason of the horror with which communism is regarded in Europe, and of the odium which in a great many minds still rests upon the word republic. There would be no injustice so absolute, no despotism so cruel, as the rule of those who, like the bloody MARAT in the old French Revolution, call themselves peculiarly "friends of the people." No greater misfortune could befall the poorer class of American citizens than to fall under the control of such men. A timely reminder of their real spirit and purpose is contained in the late address of the Honorable ELLIOT C. COWDIN at the semi-centennial anniversary of the American Institute. Mr. COWDIN was in Paris during the frenzy of the Commune which THIERS and the patriotism of France suppressed, and he speaks from personal observation and knowledge. His words are well worth pondering:

"Under pretense that they only wanted local self-government, the Communists of Paris, in the outset, secured the acquiescence of thousands of good citizens. Great meetings were called, and there was chosen a famous committee, which was to oppose the regular government of France. On that committee there were the names of no men eminent for character or ability; but, on the contrary, there were those of men infamous for their crimes and atrocities, conspicuous among whom was ASSI, the chief fomenter of the strikes of Creuzot, one of the leaders of the International Association of Working-men.

"Proclamations bearing the historic device, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' were speedily issued. The first decree appeared on the day the Prussians marched into Paris. It informed the citizens that the committee, after having *thought of decreeing the annihilation of the enemy*, had given up that plan, and concluded to leave them undisturbed.

"Every man from nineteen to forty years of age was compelled to enroll himself in the marching battalions of the National Guard, under penalty of being sentenced as a deserter.

"The tricolor was hauled down, and in its place was raised the red flag—the symbol of rebellion and murder.

"Another decree suppressed the payment of three quarters of rents due.

"Confiscation of public and private property was the order of the day.

"Avowedly hostile to religion, they insulted the priests and decreed the confiscation of church property. They plundered railway companies and emptied poor-boxes. They undertook to rifle the vaults of the Bank of France, but were repulsed by the energy and courage of its officers. They fired upon a procession of peaceable, unarmed citizens parading under the banner of 'Law and Order.' All citizens suspected of loyalty to the regular government were to be imprisoned and brought before a jury of accusation, composed of National Guards. If pronounced guilty, they were to be shot on the first execution of a Communist by the Versailles government. It was by this decree that Monseigneur DARBOY, Archbishop of Paris, in spite of the earnest efforts of Minister WASHBURNE, was murdered; as were also the curate of the Madeleine and several other priests; and notably M. BONJEAN, president of the Court of Appeals, one of the noblest of men, who fell a victim at the hands of the assassins even after the cause of the Commune was irrevocably lost.

"The first victims of the insurgents were two distinguished generals. In the language of the official journal of the Commune:

"'General LECOMTE, having wished to fire on women and children, and General CLÉMENT-THOMAS, having gone to Montmartre to obtain a plan of the barricades, both had been victims of popular justice.' Ay, in the name of 'popular justice,' both were murdered without cause and without trial by drunken brutes wearing the uniform of the National Guard. General THOMAS, on being asked if he had any thing to say, 'Yes,' he exclaimed, as his dying words; 'you are cowards and assassins!'

"When the Commune, after its reign of spoliation, debauchery, madness, and murder, expired in blood and flame, the International Society of London hastened to indorse and eulogize its crimes. In proof of this, I have to say that the General Council of the International Society issued from its head-quarters in London an address in which the burning of Paris and the execution of sixty-four hostages, including the archbishop and chief justice, were justified. And, moreover, the Paris *Journal*, the organ of the Commune, took the same ground in an elaborate article ending thus:

"'The burning of Paris! We accept the responsibility. The old society must perish. It will perish. A gigantic effort has already shaken it; a final effort must prostrate it.'"

Those who sympathize with such conduct and such views are naturally opposed to a proposition that the people shall decide whether for certain specified purposes in city government the tax-payers and rent-payers only shall elect a Board. There can be very few intelligent and honest working-men in the city of New York who would not rather intrust the financial management of the city to those who advocated the amendments the other evening than to those who opposed them. And no one who sincerely trusts popular government can intelligently oppose the submission of every serious change proposed in the fundamental law to the great mass of voters. As Mr. ROBINSON said in his speech, nothing is more truly democratic than that. If the proposition is defeated, if the majority of lawful voters shall decide that the finances of the city shall continue to be managed as heretofore, that will be the end of the matter, so far as the present effort is concerned. The silly talk about the attempted disfranchisement of the very poor will end by the judgment of the majority that no change shall be made. As Mr. STERNE truly said, such talk is as idle as it would be to describe a proposition that towns shall not bond themselves to build railroads as an attempted disfranchisement of towns. The proposed amendments are changes of the fundamental law suggested by reason and experience. If they are unwise, let that fact be shown. But every attempt like that of the other evening to prevent their discussion or submission to the people will only tend to persuade all intelligent citizens that they are probably most wise and desirable.

M'MAHON'S SUBMISSION OR RESIGNATION.

FRENCH politics, in their more important aspects, are now intelligible to every body. The elections have resulted in a very great republican majority in the Assembly, and the result was accomplished in the teeth of the whole power of the Government. No means were spared to defeat the republicans. Their chief leader, GAMBETTA, was arrested, tried, and condemned for a speech in which he said only that if the republicans triumphed, M'MAHON must submit or resign. Republican newspapers were prosecuted, and their sale was impeded and discouraged. The Government announced what candidates it wished to see elected, and, as GAMBETTA significantly remarked, of all the candidates urged by the Government of the republic, not one was a republican. Every effort was made by the Government, and it was signally defeated. The majority for the republicans is not as large as GAMBETTA anticipated, but it is still very large, and shows unequivocally that France is republican. The question now is, What will M'MAHON do? Will he submit, or resign?

By submission is meant the appointment of a ministry in harmony with the republican majority. If the marshal takes this course—which is the simple and constitutional course—there will be no immediate trouble. But he may do one of two other things: he may try to obtain a majority of the Senate favorable to the dissolution of the Assembly, or he may resign. These are the only two other lawful courses open to him. But there is always the possibility of a *coup d'état*. It is scarcely probable that he would attempt a dissolution, not only because another election would probably result still more decisively against him, but because it would alarm that conservative love of peace and order which is his chief reliance, and which would feel that his course had endangered the peace of the country. Such a policy would expose the republican self-command to a very severe strain, and in no way could it be really serviceable to M'MAHON. His resignation would probably lead to the election of a real republican—probably M. GRÉVY—and it would therefore be warmly opposed by all the opposition elements. Unless, therefore, his counselors are ready for civil war, they would probably favor acquiescence to await a brighter day.

The necessity of decision will probably be forced upon the marshal by the Assembly. It will pass a vote of want of confidence, and should he persist in retaining a ministry that the country has condemned, the Assembly may refuse the necessary appropriations to carry on the government. A truly able man would not hesitate. After so conclusive an expression of the will of the country, he would resign or acquiesce. The appeal to the nation was of his own seeking. He asserted that he and not the Assembly really represented the will of the country. It was preposterous, but it was possible under the Constitution. Having made his appeal, as a loyal citizen he is bound to acquiesce. Even if he should contemplate a *coup d'état*, his own act has deprived him of the plea that he would save the country against a conspiracy. The election has made him a conspirator and a traitor if he withstands the result. The general conception of M'MAHON is that of a very dull and narrow but honest man. Yet such a character in the hands of clerical and reactionary intriguers may easily become very dangerous. On the other hand, the great good sense and moderation of the republicans throughout the summer justify the expectation that they will do nothing rashly. With the country now evidently behind them, they will certainly not yield, and they will with equal certainty require of M'MAHON submission or resignation.

PERSONAL.

GENERAL MILES, when on the field of battle with his "war-paint" all on, is by no means an insignificant figure. An admirer says that during his last successful fight, "finely mounted, he rode from first to last, guiding the engagement. Weighing nearly 200 pounds, he sat on his charger like a centaur; his brown mustache and side whiskers, slightly mixed with gray, adorned features that are heavy but pleasing, and were overshadowed by a broad-brimmed slouched drab hat. A wide blue ribbon encircled its crown, with blue streamers behind. He wore a red blanket frontier shirt, and a black neck-tie, its ends floating over his shoulders; outside the shirt a buckskin coat, short at the hips and carelessly buttoned; the light blue trousers of a private soldier, with black stripes down the seams, and coarse boots, completed his attire."

—The president and council of the Royal Society of Literature, in London, in "consideration of various eminent services rendered to literature by General Count PALMA DI CESNOLA," have elected him an honorary member. This society, of which Prince LEOPOLD is president, rarely bestows its honors upon foreigners, and never upon any one except in recognition of exceptionally important services. In the case of General CESNOLA, whose recent discoveries in the island of Cyprus have made his name famous in Europe and America, the society only emphasizes the general verdict.

—General CASSIUS M. CLAY, formerly United States minister to Russia, whose name has lately been in the papers in connection with some little informality in the way of disposing of a disagreeable fellow-citizen, is said to be the owner of a fine estate of 2200 acres in Kentucky, in the centre of which stands a stately mansion. He has a splendid library and many excellent paintings. In this home General CLAY is spending his old age with his adopted son, an intelligent young Russian, for his companion. This old Abolitionist now holds the most gloomy opinions as to the condition and the prospects of the colored race. He says that of those freed by him many years ago none turned out well. He adds that the colored people are rapidly decreasing in numbers, and must finally become extinct. Mr. CLAY is now sixty-seven years of age. He entered the Kentucky Legislature in 1835, and served several years. In 1845 he began to edit *The True American*, an antislavery paper published in Lexington, Kentucky, encountered violent opposition, and defended himself courageously against the mob in several bloody conflicts. In 1861 he was a general of volunteers; in 1863 was appointed minister to Russia, which position he held six years. His writings and speeches were edited and published by HORACE GREELEY in 1848.

—Judge W. H. ROBERTSON, who has been nominated by the Republicans of the Ninth New York Senatorial District for re-election to the Senate, in which body he has already served four terms, is a gentleman of large experience in State and national politics, and in both fields has enjoyed the full confidence and approval of his constituents. He is a native of Westchester County, where he still resides, having been born in the town of Bedford in 1823. He was educated at the Union Academy in that town, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1847. Rising rapidly in his profession, he was early elected County Judge of Westchester, and served twelve years in that capacity. Judge ROBERTSON possesses an intimate acquaintance with State affairs, and his sound judgment, untiring energy, unquestioned integrity, and long experience in public life commend him to the suffrages of his constituents.

—Captain W. W. NEVIN, who succeeds Colonel FORNEY in the editorship of the Philadelphia *Press*, has been long and favorably known as an editor and writer. He is a gentleman of about forty years of age, son of the Rev. Dr. NEVIN, president of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. Educated as a lawyer, he gave up a remunerative practice to serve in the war for the Union. At its conclusion he adopted the profession of a journalist, and during Colonel FORNEY's absence in Europe in '74, '75, and '76, in the interest of the Centennial Commission, he had the management of the *Press*. He is a valuable accession to the journalism of Philadelphia.

—The late JOHN WINTHROP CHANLER, who died a few days since, was long identified with the politics of this city, and was a gentleman of culture, ability, and unquestioned integrity. He inherited a fortune, which was largely increased by his marriage with the granddaughter of WILLIAM B. ASTOR, a daughter of Mr. SAMUEL WARD. Some two years ago Mrs. CHANLER died, since which time Mr. C. ceased to take any prominent part in politics, though frequently urged to do so. He was one of the most indefatigable of those Democrats who, after a fierce contest, succeeded in driving the "Ring" from power. He possessed a purity of character which, combined with capacity and a knowledge of affairs, made him a very desirable man to have connected with the Democratic organization, where his counsels were characterized by courage, prudence, and sagacity.

—Mr. LICK, who is to be sent down to Californian posterity for sundry large public bequests, is also to have a costly monument to his memory, which is now being cut in Montreal.

—Colonel ARMSTRONG, the new United States Senator from Missouri, is sixty-five years old, and a Nova Scotian by birth. He settled in St. Louis forty years ago, and engaged in business. Soon he got into politics, and in 1852 was a member of the Democratic State Central Committee. In 1870 his influence was strongly felt, and since then he has been several times chairman of that body, and potent in its deliberations. During BUCHANAN's administration he was postmaster at St. Louis, and has since then occupied many official positions of influence. He was Police Commissioner of St. Louis at the time Governor PHELPS appointed him to his present dignity.

—WILLIAM GOODMAN died at Little Britain, New York, on the 22d of September, aged one hundred and one. He was born July 4, 1776, fought through the war of 1812, and worked on a farm until within a few hours of his death, which was from apoplexy.

—Our brilliant Southern contemporary, Mr. HENRY WATTERSON, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, not satisfied with his national fame as an editor and his local fame as an incisive and brilliant speaker, is about to add to them another reputation—that of lecturer—and will first develop himself in that *rôle* at Chickering Hall toward the close of the present month. His subject is "The Comicalities and Whimsicalities of Southern Life." Perhaps no man in the South has a wider knowledge of Southern life, private and public, social and professional, than Mr. WATTERSON, and no one knows better than he how to weave it together in an instructive and entertaining lecture.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

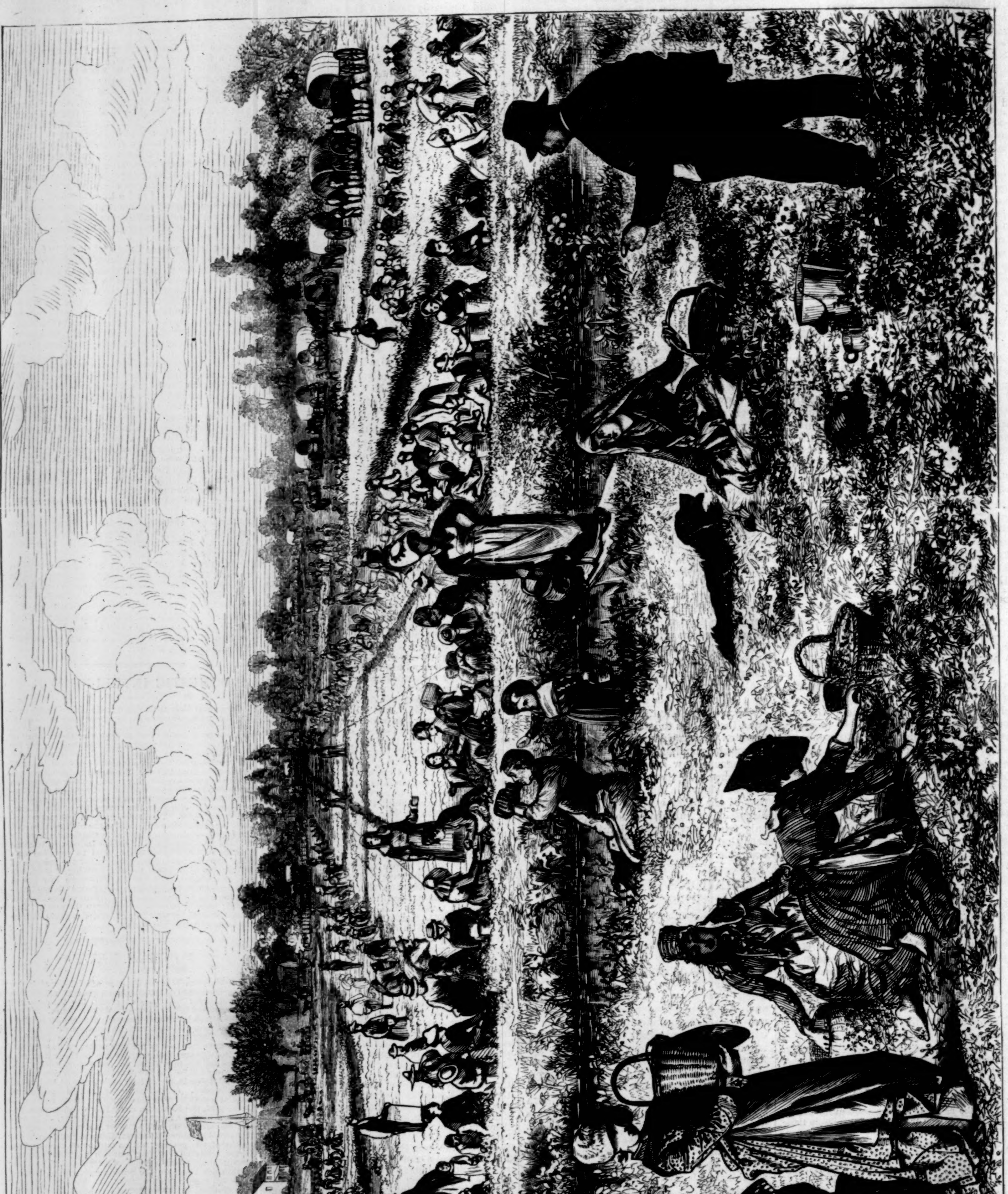
CONGRESS: Very little was done in either House during the week. October 22, two bills were introduced into the Senate for the repeal of the Resumption Act, and one by Senator Jones to authorize the coining of standard silver dollars, and make them legal tender for their nominal value. Senator Matthews introduced a bill providing for the distribution of the remainder of the Geneva Award Fund. Senator Edmunds's resolution to appoint a committee to take into consideration the laws respecting the election of President and Vice-President was amended so as to provide for a committee to confer with a similar committee of the House, and was adopted. The House adopted resolutions appointing committees to consider the civil service and the Presidential election laws.—In the Senate, October 23, bills were introduced to enable Indians to become citizens of the United States, and to equalize soldiers' bounties; also one providing for the coinage of $400,000,000 of a patent metal consisting of gold, silver, and copper.—October 25, bills were introduced in the Senate to re-establish the Alabama Claims Commission and to distribute the balance of the Geneva award; also, to prohibit gambling in the army. The House referred the Colorado contested election case to the Committee on Elections.

FOREIGN NEWS.

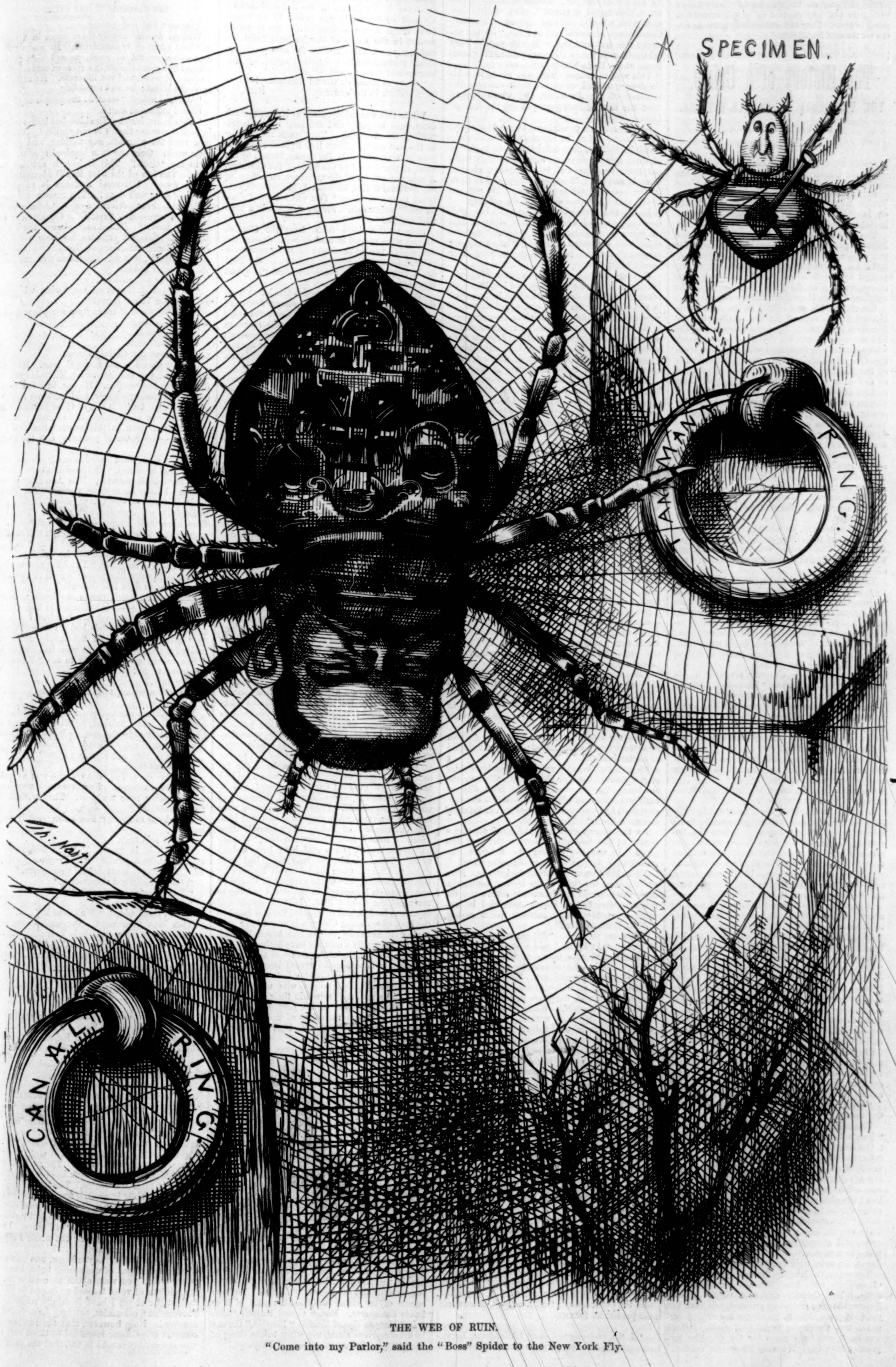
THE EASTERN WAR: A Russian official dispatch, detailing the attack of October 19 on the second Grivitza redoubt, says: "At the first attack the Roumanians were repulsed before they gained the redoubt. At the second attack the three foremost battalions leaped into the trenches, and vainly endeavored to carry the redoubt. They remained one hour in the trenches, which gave rise to a premature report of its capture. The Roumanians then withdrew, with the loss of two officers and 200 men killed, and twenty officers and 707 men wounded."—The Russian loss in carrying Aladja Dagh, October 15, is officially reported to be 1441 killed and wounded. According to the London *Daily News*, the Russians captured 18,000 men and forty cannon.—October 24, the Russians, according to their own account, achieved a great victory near Plevna. The official dispatch relates that "after a desperate engagement of ten hours' duration, General Gourkho's detachment, co-operating with a portion of the Imperial Guard, captured a strong Turkish position between Gurnji-Dubnik and Teliche. General Gourkho then stationed himself on the Sophia road, strengthening his position with new fortifications. This engagement also resulted in the capture of Achmet Ewsi Pasha, together with his chief of staff, many other Turkish officers, about 3000 foot-soldiers, and an entire regiment of cavalry. Four cannon and a quantity of rifles and ammunition were also captured. Our loss is unknown, but must have been considerable."—The Turks claim that the attack on Teliche was repulsed, but admit that the Russian cavalry has posted itself at Dubnik, and destroyed the telegraph lines.—On the 25th, Suleiman Pasha telegraphed that twelve Russian battalions, with cavalry and artillery, attacked the works of Rustchuk, but the Turks made a sortie, and forced the Russians to retire into their intrenchments at Pyrgos, with a loss of 450 killed and wounded.—Four Russian divisions attacked the Turkish line on the Lom, from Jovanciftlik, near Kosovo, on the right, to Solenik on the left. They were repulsed, with a loss of 800 killed, and some prisoners. The Turkish loss was 134 killed and sixty wounded.—Prince Sergius of Leuchtenberg, aid-de-camp of the Emperor of Russia, was killed in a recent reconnoissance of the Czarowitz.—It is reported that Kars has been bombarded and part of the city set on fire. The place is provisioned for four months.—The Russian losses to October 18 are officially stated at 60,100 men.—In Armenia, Ismail Pasha and Mukhtar Pasha have joined their forces, probably at Zewin, a position south-west of Kars.

A terrific explosion occurred in a colliery at High Blantyre, near Glasgow, October 22, by which it is feared that 230 lives were lost. Only four of the miners were rescued, and one of these died soon afterward.

War has broken out in Transkei, South Africa, between the Galekas and the British and their native allies. On September 24, 8000 Galekas attacked the British, but were repulsed with a loss of 200.



A CRANBERRY BOG, OCEAN COUNTY, NEW JERSEY.—PICKERS AT WORK.—From a Sketch by Granville Perkins.—[See Page 890.]



THE WEB OF RUIN.

"Come into my Parlor," said the "Boss" Spider to the New York Fly.

[The plates of the Illustrations to VICTOR HUGO'S work have not been received up to the moment of going to press. They will undoubtedly arrive in season for the next installment.]

[Authorized Translation, printed from Early Sheets.]

The History of a Crime.

THE TESTIMONY OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

By VICTOR HUGO.

III.—(*Continued.*)

WHAT HAD HAPPENED DURING THE NIGHT.

IT was not yet six o'clock in the morning. Troops began to mass themselves on the Place de la Concorde, where Leroy-Saint-Arnaud on horseback held a review.

The Commissaries of Police, Bertoglio and Primorin, ranged two companies in order under the vault of the great staircase of the Questure, but did not ascend that way. They were accompanied by agents of police, who knew the most secret recesses of the Palais Bourbon, and who conducted them through various passages.

General Le Flô was lodged in the pavilion inhabited in the time of the Duc de Bourbon by Monsieur Feuchères. That night General Le Flô had staying with him his sister and her husband, who were visiting Paris, and who slept in a room the door of which led into one of the corridors of the Palace. Commissary Bertoglio knocked at the door, opened it, and, together with his agents, abruptly burst into the room, where a woman was in bed. The General's brother-in-law sprang out of bed, and cried out to the Questor, who slept in an adjoining room, "Adolphe, the doors are being forced, the Palace is full of soldiers. Get up!"

The General opened his eyes, he saw Commissary Bertoglio standing beside his bed.

He sprang up.

"General," said the Commissary, "I have come to fulfill a duty."

"I understand," said General Le Flô; "you are a traitor."

The Commissary, stammering out the words, "Plot against the safety of the State," displayed a warrant. The General, without pronouncing a word, struck this infamous paper with the back of his hand.

Then dressing himself, he put on his full uniform of Constantine and of Médeah, thinking in his imaginative soldier-like loyalty that there were still generals of Africa for the soldiers whom he would find on his way. All the generals now remaining were brigands. His wife embraced him; his son, a child of seven years, in his night-shirt, and in tears, said to the Commissary of Police, "Mercy, Monsieur Bonaparte."

The General, while clasping his wife in his arms, whispered in her ear, "There is artillery in the court-yard; try and fire a cannon."

The Commissary and his men led him away. He regarded these policemen with contempt, and did not speak to them; but when he recognized Colonel Espinasse, his military and Breton heart swelled with indignation.

"Colonel Espinasse," said he, "you are a villain, and I hope to live long enough to tear the buttons from your uniform."

Colonel Espinasse hung his head, and stammered, "I do not know you."

A major waved his sword, and cried, "We have had enough of lawyer generals." Some soldiers crossed their bayonets before the unarmed prisoner, three *sergents de ville* pushed him into a *fiacre*, and a sub-lieutenant approaching the carriage, and looking in the face of the man who, if he were a citizen, was his Representative, and if he were a soldier, was his general, flung this abominable word at him, "Canaille!"

Meanwhile Commissary Primorin had gone by a more roundabout way in order the more surely to surprise the other Questor, M. Baze.

Out of Baze's apartment a door led to the lobby communicating with the Chamber of the Assembly. Sieur Primorin knocked at the door. "Who is there?" asked a servant, who was dressing. "The Commissary of Police," replied Primorin. The servant, thinking that he was the Commissary of Police of the Assembly, opened the door.

At this moment M. Baze, who had heard the noise, and had just awoke, put on a dressing-gown, and cried, "Do not open the door."

He had scarcely spoken these words when a man in plain clothes and three *sergents de ville* in uniform rushed into his chamber. The man, opening his coat, displayed his scarf of office, asking M. Baze, "Do you recognize this?"

"You are a worthless wretch," answered the Questor.

The police agents laid their hands on M. Baze. "You will not take me away," he said. "You, a Commissary of Police, you, who are a magistrate, and know what you are doing, you outrage the National Assembly, you violate the law, you are a criminal!" A hand-to-hand struggle ensued—four against one—Madame Baze and her two little girls giving vent to screams, the servant being thrust back with blows by the *sergents de ville*. "You are ruffians," cried out Monsieur Baze. They carried him away by main force in their arms, still struggling, naked, his dressing-gown being torn to shreds, his body being covered with blows, his wrist torn and bleeding.

The stairs, the landing, the court-yard, were full of soldiers with fixed bayonets and grounded arms. The Questor spoke to them. "Your Representatives are being arrested, you have not received your arms to break the laws!" A sergeant was wearing a brand-new cross. "Have you been given the cross for this?" The sergeant answered, "We only know one master."

"I note your number," continued Baze. "You are a dishonored regiment." The soldiers listened with a stolid air, and seemed still asleep. Commissary Primorin said to them, "Do not answer; this has nothing to do with you." They led the Questor across the court-yard to the guard-house at the Porte Noire.

This was the name which was given to a little door contrived under the vault opposite the treasury of the Assembly, and which opened upon the Rue de Bourgogne, facing the Rue de Lille.

Several sentries were placed at the door of the guard-house, and at the top of the flight of steps which led thither, Baze being left there in charge of three *sergents de ville*. Several soldiers without their weapons, and in their shirt sleeves, came in and out. The Questor appealed to them in the name of military honor. "Do not answer," said the *sergent de ville* to the soldiers.

Baze's two little girls had followed him with terrified eyes, and when they lost sight of him the youngest burst into tears. "Sister," said the elder, who was seven years old, "let us say our prayers;" and the two children, clasping their hands, knelt down.

Commissary Primorin, with his swarm of agents, burst into the Questor's study, and laid hands on every thing. The first papers which he perceived in the middle of the table, and which he seized, were the famous decree which had been prepared in the event of the Assembly having voted the proposal of the Questors. All the drawers were opened and searched. This overhauling of Baze's papers, which the Commissary of Police termed a domiciliary visit, lasted more than an hour.

Baze's clothes had been taken to him, and he had dressed. When the "domiciliary visit" was over, he was taken out of the guard-house. There was a *fiacre* in the court-yard, into which he entered, together with the three *sergents de ville*. The vehicle, in order to reach the Presidency door, passed by the *Cour d'Honneur*, and then by the *Cour de Canons*. Day was breaking. Monsieur Baze looked in the court-yard to see if the cannon were still there. He saw the ammunition wagons ranged in order, with their shafts raised, but the places of the six cannon and the two mortars were vacant.

In the Avenue of the Presidency the *fiacre* stopped for a moment. Two lines of soldiers, standing at ease, lined the foot-paths of the avenue. At the foot of a tree were grouped three men: Colonel Espinasse, whom M. Baze knew and recognized, a species of Lieutenant-Colonel, who wore a black and orange ribbon round his neck, and a Major of Lancers, all three, sword in hand, consulting together. The windows of the *fiacre* were closed; Monsieur Baze wished to lower them to appeal to these men, the *sergents de ville* seized his arms. The Commissary Primorin then came up, and was about to re-enter the little chariot for two persons which had brought him.

"Monsieur Baze," said he, with that villainous kind of courtesy which the agents of the *Coup d'État* willingly blended with their crime, "you must be uncomfortable with those three men in the *fiacre*. You are cramped; come in with me."

"Let me alone," said the prisoner. "With these three men I am cramped; with you I should be contaminated."

An escort of infantry was ranged on both sides of the *fiacre*. Colonel Espinasse called to the coachman, "Drive slowly by the Quai d'Orsay until you meet a cavalry escort. When the cavalry shall have assumed the charge, the infantry can come back." They set out.

As the *fiacre* turned into the Quai d'Orsay a picket of the Seventh Lancers arrived at full speed. It was the escort; the troopers surrounded the *fiacre*, and the whole galloped off.

No incident occurred during the journey. Here and there, at the noise of the horses' hoofs, windows were opened and heads put forth; and the prisoner, who had at length succeeded in lowering a window, heard startled voices saying, "What is the matter?"

The *fiacre* stopped. "Where are we?" asked M. Baze. "At Mazas," said a *sergent de ville*.

The Questor was taken to the office of the prison. Just as he entered he saw Baune and Nadaud being brought out. There was a table in the centre, at which Commissary Primorin, who had followed the *fiacre* in his chariot, had just seated himself. While the Commissary was writing, M. Baze noticed on the table a paper which was evidently a jail register, on which were these names, written in the following order: Lamoricière, Charras, Cavaignac, Changarnier, Le Flô, Thiers, Bedeau, Roger (du Nord), Chambolle. This was probably the order in which the Representatives had arrived at the prison.

When Sieur Primorin had finished writing, M. Baze said, "Now you will be good enough to receive my protest, and add it to your official report." "It is not an official report," objected the Commissary; "it is simply an order for committal." "I intend to write my protest at once," replied M. Baze. "You will have plenty of time in your cell," remarked a man who stood by the table. M. Baze turned round. "Who are you?" "I am the governor of the prison," said the man. "In that case," replied M. Baze, "I pity you, for you are aware of the crime you are committing." The man turned pale, and stammered a few unintelligible words.

The Commissary rose from his seat; Monsieur Baze briskly took possession of his chair, seated himself at the table, and said to Sieur Primorin, "You are a public officer; I request you to add my protest to your official report." "Very well," said the Commissary; "let it be so." Baze wrote the protest as follows:

"I, the undersigned, Jean Didier-Baze, Representative of the people, and Questor of the National Assembly, carried off by violence from my residence in the Palace of the National Assembly, and conducted to this prison by an armed force which it was impossible for me to resist, protest in the name of the National Assembly and in my own name against the outrage on national representation committed upon my colleagues and upon myself.

"Given at Mazas on the 2d December, 1851, at eight o'clock in the morning. BAZE."

While this was taking place at Mazas, the soldiers were laughing and drinking in the court-yard of the Assembly. They made their coffee in the saucepans. They had lighted enormous fires in the court-yard; the flames, fanned by the wind, at times reached the walls of the Chamber. A superior official of the Questure, an officer of the National Guard, Ramond de la Croisette, ventured to say to them, "You will set the Palace on fire!" whereupon a soldier struck him a blow with his fist.

Four of the pieces taken from the *Cour de Canons* were ranged in battery order against the Assembly; two on the Place de Bourgogne were pointed toward the grating, and two on the Pont de la Concorde were pointed toward the grand staircase.

As side-note to this instructive tale let us mention a curious fact. This Forty-second Regiment of the line was the same which had arrested Louis Bonaparte at Boulogne. In 1840 this regiment lent its aid to the law against the conspirator; in 1851 it lent its aid to the conspirator against the law: such is the beauty of passive obedience.

IV.

OTHER DOINGS OF THE NIGHT.

DURING the same night in all parts of Paris acts of brigandage took place. Unknown men leading armed troops, and themselves armed with hatchets, mallets, pincers, crowbars, life-preservers, swords hidden under their coats, pistols, of which the butts could be distinguished under the folds of their cloaks, arrived in silence before a house, occupied the street, encircled the approaches, picked the lock of the door, tied up the porter, invaded the stairs, and burst through the doors upon a sleeping man, and when that man, awakening with a start, asked of these bandits, "Who are you?" their leader answered, "A Commissary of Police." So it happened to Lamoricière, who was seized by Blanchet, who threatened him with the gag; to Greppo, who was brutally treated and thrown down by Gronfier, assisted by six men carrying a dark lantern and a poleaxe; to Cavaignac, who was secured by Colin, a smooth-tongued villain, who affected to be shocked on hearing him curse and swear; to Monsieur Thiers, who was arrested by Hubault (the elder), who professed that he had seen him "tremble and weep," thus adding falsehood to crime; to Valentin, who was assailed in his bed by Dourlens, taken by the feet and the shoulders, and thrust into a padlocked police van; to Miot, destined to the tortures of African casemates; to Roger (du Nord), who with courageous and witty irony offered sherry to the bandits. Charras and Changarnier were taken unawares. They lived in the Rue St. Honoré, nearly opposite to each other, Changarnier at No. 3, Charras at No. 14. Changarnier had dismissed the fifteen men armed to the teeth by whom he had hitherto been guarded during the night, and on the 1st December, as we have said, Charras had unloaded his pistols. These empty pistols were lying on the table when they came to arrest him. The Commissary of Police threw himself upon them. "Idiot," said Charras to him, "if they had been loaded, you would have been a dead man." These pistols, we may note, had been given to Charras upon the taking of Mascara by General Renaud, who at the moment of Charras's arrest was on horseback in the street helping to carry out the *Coup d'État*. If these pistols had remained loaded, and if General Renaud had had the task of arresting Charras, it would have been curious if Renaud's pistols had killed Renaud. Charras assuredly would not have hesitated. We have already mentioned the names of these police rascals. It is useless to repeat them. It was Courtille who arrested Charras, Lerat who arrested Changarnier, Desgranges who arrested Nadaud. The men thus seized in their own houses were Representatives of the people; they were inviolate, so that to the crime of the violation of their persons was added this high treason, the violation of the Constitution.

There was no lack of impudence in the perpetration of these outrages. The police agents made merry. Some of these droll fellows jested. At Mazas the under-jailers jeered at Thiers. Nadaud reprimanded them severely. The Sieur Hubault (the younger) awoke General Bedeau. "General, you are a prisoner." "My person is inviolable." "Unless you are caught red-handed, in the very act." "Well," said Bedeau, "I am caught in the act—the heinous act of being asleep." They took him by the collar and dragged him to a *fiacre*.

On meeting together at Mazas, Nadaud grasped the hand of Greppo, and Lagrange grasped the hand of Lamoricière. This made the police gentry laugh. A colonel, named Thirion, wearing a commander's cross round his neck, helped to put the Generals and the Representatives into jail. "Look me in the face," said Charras to him. Thirion moved away.

Thus, without counting other arrests which took place later on, there were imprisoned during the night of the 2d of December sixteen Representatives and seventy-eight citizens. The two agents of the crime furnished a report of it to Louis Bonaparte. Morny signed himself "Coffrés," Maupas signed himself "Bouclés," the one in drawing-room slang, the other in the slang of the galleys. Subtle gradations of language.

V.

THE DARKNESS OF THE CRIME.

VERSIGNY had just left me.

While I dressed hastily there came in a man in whom I had every confidence. He was a poor cabinet-maker out of work, named Girard, to whom I had given shelter in a room of my house—a carver of wood, and not illiterate. He came in from the street; he was trembling.

"Well," I asked, "what do the people say?"

Girard answered me:

"People are dazed. The blow has been struck in such a manner that it is not realized. Workmen read the placards, say nothing, and go to their work. Only one in a hundred speaks. It is to say, 'Good!' This is how it appears to them. The law of the 31st May is abrogated—'Well done!' Universal Suffrage is re-established—'Also well done!' The reactionary majority has been driven away—'Admirable!' Thiers is arrested—'Capital!' Changarnier is seized—'Bravo!' Round each placard there are *claqueurs*. Ratapoil explains his *coup d'état* to Jacques Bonhomme, Jacques Bonhomme takes it all in. Briefly, it is my impression that the people give their consent."

"Let it be so," said I.

"But," asked Girard of me, "what will you do, Monsieur Victor Hugo?"

I took my scarf of office from a cupboard, and showed it to him.

He understood.

We shook hands.

As he went out, Carini entered.

Colonel Carini is an intrepid man. He had commanded the cavalry under Mieroslawsky in the Sicilian insurrection. He has, in a few moving and enthusiastic pages, told the story of that noble revolt. Carini is one of those Italians who love France as we Frenchmen love Italy. Every warm-hearted man in this century has two fatherlands—the Rome of yesterday and the Paris of to-day.

"Thank God," said Carini to me, "you are still free." And he added, "The blow has been struck in a formidable manner. The Assembly is invested. I have come from thence. The Place de la Revolution, the Quays, the Tuileries, the boulevards, are crowded with troops. The soldiers have their knapsacks. The batteries are harnessed. If fighting takes place, it will be desperate work."

I answered him, "There will be fighting."

And I added, laughing, "You have proved that the colonels write like poets; now it is the turn of the poets to fight like colonels."

I entered my wife's room; she knew nothing, and was quietly reading her paper in bed.

I had taken about me five hundred francs in gold. I put on my wife's bed a box containing nine hundred francs—all the money which remained to me—and I told her what had happened.

She turned pale, and said to me, "What are you going to do?"

"My duty."

She embraced me, and only said two words:

"Do it."

My breakfast was ready. I ate a cutlet in two mouthfuls. As I finished, my daughter came in. She was startled by the manner in which I kissed her, and asked me, "What is the matter?"

"Your mother will explain to you."

And I left them.

The Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne was as quiet and deserted as usual. Four workmen were, however, chatting near my door. They wished me "Good-morning."

I cried out to them, "You know what is going on?"

"Yes," said they.

"Well. It is treason! Louis Bonaparte is strangling the Republic. The People are attacked. The People must defend themselves."

"They will defend themselves."

"You promise me that?"

"Yes," they answered.

One of them added, "We swear it."

They kept their word. Barricades were constructed in my street (Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne), in the Rue des Martyrs, in the Cité Rodier, in the Rue Coquenard, and at Notre Dame de Lorette.

VI.

"PLACARDS."

ON leaving these brave men I could read at the corner of the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne and the Rue des Martyrs the three infamous placards which had been posted on the walls of Paris during the night.

Here they are:

"PROCLAMATION

"OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

"*Appeal to the People.*

"FRENCHMEN! The present situation can last no longer. Every day which passes enhances the dangers of the country. The Assembly, which ought to be the firmest support of Order, has become a focus of conspiracies. The patriotism of three hundred of its members has been unable to check its fatal tendencies. Instead of making laws in the public interest, it forges arms for civil war; it attacks the power which I hold directly from the People; it encourages all bad passions; it compromises the tranquillity of France. I have dissolved it, and I constitute the whole People a judge between it and me.

"The Constitution, as you know, was constructed with the object of weakening beforehand the power which you were about to confide to me. Six millions of votes formed an emphatic protest against it, and yet I have faithfully respected it. Provocations, calumnies, outrages, have found me unmoved. Now, however, that the fundamental compact is no longer respected by those very men who incessantly invoke it, and that the men who

have ruined two monarchies wish to tie my hands in order to overthrow the Republic, my duty is to frustrate their treacherous schemes, to maintain the Republic, and to save the Country by appealing to the solemn judgment of the only Sovereign whom I recognize in France: the People.

"I therefore make a loyal appeal to the whole nation, and I say to you: If you wish to continue this condition of uneasiness which degrades us and compromises our future, choose another in my place, for I will no longer retain a power which is impotent to do good, which renders me responsible for actions which I can not prevent, and which binds me to the helm when I see the vessel driving toward the abyss.

"If, on the other hand, you still place confidence in me, give me the means of accomplishing the great mission which I hold from you.

"This mission consists in closing the era of revolutions by satisfying the legitimate needs of the People, and by protecting them from subversive passions. It consists, above all, in creating institutions which survive men, and which shall in fact form the foundations on which something durable may be established.

"Persuaded that the instability of power, that the preponderance of a single Assembly, are the permanent causes of trouble and discord, I submit to your suffrage the following fundamental bases of a Constitution which will be developed by the Assemblies later on:

"1. A responsible Chief appointed for ten years.
"2. Ministers dependent upon the Executive Power alone.
"3. A Council of State composed of the most distinguished men, who shall prepare laws, and shall support them in debate before the Legislative Body.
"4. A Legislative Body which shall discuss and vote the laws, and which shall be elected by universal suffrage, without *scrutin de liste*, which falsifies the elections.
"5. A Second Assembly composed of the most illustrious men of the country, a power of equipoise, the guardian of the fundamental compact and of the public liberties.

"This system, created by the First Consul at the beginning of the century, has already given repose and prosperity to France; it would still insure them to her.

"Such is my firm conviction. If you share it, declare it by your votes. If, on the contrary, you prefer a government without strength, Monarchical or Republican, borrowed I know not from what past or from what chimerical future, answer in the negative.

"Thus, for the first time since 1804, you will vote with a full knowledge of the circumstances, knowing exactly for whom and for what.

"If I do not obtain the majority of your suffrages, I shall call together a New Assembly, and shall place in its hands the commission which I have received from you.

"But if you believe that the cause of which my name is the symbol—that is to say, France regenerated by the Revolution of '89, and organized by the Emperor—is to be still your own, proclaim it by sanctioning the powers which I ask from you.

"Then France and Europe will be preserved from anarchy, obstacles will be removed, rivalries will have disappeared, for all will respect, in the decision of the People, the decree of Providence.

"Given at the Palace of the Élysée, 2d December, 1851. LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE."

"PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC TO THE ARMY.

"SOLDIERS! Be proud of your mission: you will save the country, for I count upon you not to violate the laws, but to enforce respect for the first law of the country, the national Sovereignty, of which I am the Legitimate Representative.

"For a long time past, like myself, you have suffered from obstacles which have opposed themselves both to the good that I wished to do and to the demonstrations of your sympathies in my favor. These obstacles have been broken down.

"The Assembly has tried to attack the authority which I hold from the whole Nation. It has ceased to exist. I make a loyal appeal to the People and to the Army, and I say to them, Either give me the means of insuring your prosperity, or choose another in my place.

"In 1830, as in 1848, you were treated as vanquished men. After having branded your heroic disinterestedness, they disdained to consult your sympathies and your wishes, and yet you are the flower of the Nation. To-day, at this solemn moment, I am resolved that the voice of the Army shall be heard.

"Vote, therefore, freely as citizens; but, as soldiers, do not forget that passive obedience to the orders of the Chief of the State is the rigorous duty of the Army, from the general to the private soldier.

"It is for me, responsible for my actions both to the People and to posterity, to take those measures which may seem to me indispensable for the public welfare.

"As for you, remain immovable within the rules of discipline and of honor. By your imposing attitude help the country to manifest its will with calmness and reflection.

"Be ready to repress every attack upon the free exercise of the sovereignty of the People.

"Soldiers, I do not speak to you of the memories which my name recalls. They are engraven in your hearts. We are united by indissoluble ties. Your history is mine. There is between us, in the past, a community of glory and of misfortune.

"There will be in the future community of sentiment and of resolutions for the repose and the greatness of France.

"Given at the Palace of the Élysée, December 2, 1851.

"(Signed) L. N. BONAPARTE."

"IN THE NAME OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE

"The President of the Republic decrees:

"ARTICLE I.

"The National Assembly is dissolved.

"ARTICLE II.

"Universal Suffrage is re-established. The law of May 31 is abrogated.

"ARTICLE III.

"The French People are convoked in their electoral districts from the 14th December to the 21st December following.

"ARTICLE IV.

"The State of Siege is decreed in the district of the first Military Division.

"ARTICLE V.

"The Council of State is dissolved.

"ARTICLE VI.

"The Minister of the Interior is charged with the execution of this decree.

"Given at the Palace of the Élysée, 2d December, 1851. LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

"DE MORNY, Minister of the Interior."

VII.

NO. 70 RUE BLANCHE.

THE Cité Gaillard is somewhat difficult to find. It is a deserted alley in that new quarter which separates the Rue des Martyrs from the Rue Blanche. I found it, however. As I reached No. 4, Yvan came out of the gateway and said, "I am here to warn you. The police have an eye upon this house. Michel is waiting for you at No. 70 Rue Blanche, a few steps from here."

I knew No. 70 Rue Blanche. Manin, the celebrated President of the Venetian Republic, lived there. It was not in his rooms, however, that the meeting was to take place.

The porter of No. 70 told me to go up to the first floor. The door was opened, and a handsome gray-haired woman of some forty summers, the Baroness Coppens, whom I recognized as having seen in society and at my own house, ushered me into a drawing-room.

Michel de Bourges and Alexander Rey were there, the latter an ex-Constituent, an eloquent writer, a brave man. At that time Alexander Rey edited the *National*.

We shook hands.

Michel said to me,

"Hugo, what will you do?"

I answered him,

"Every thing."

"That also is my opinion," said he.

Numerous Representatives arrived, and among others, Pierre Lefranc Labrousse, Théodore Bac, Noel Parfait, Arnauld (de l'Ariége), Demosthenes Ollivier, an ex-Constituent, and Charamaule. There was deep and unutterable indignation, but no useless words were spoken.

All were imbued with that manly anger whence issue great resolutions.

They talked. They set forth the situation. Each brought forward the news which he had learned.

Théodore Bac came from Léon Faucher, who lived in the Rue Blanche. It was he who had awakened Léon Faucher, and had announced the news to him. The first words of Léon Faucher were, "It is an infamous deed."

From the first moment Charamaule displayed a courage which, during the four days of the struggle, never flagged for a single instant. Charamaule is a very tall man, possessed of vigorous features and convincing eloquence; he voted with the Left, but sat with the Right. In the Assembly he was the neighbor of Montalembert and of Riancey. He sometimes had warm disputes with them, which we watched from afar off, and which amused us.

Charamaule had come to the meeting at No. 70 dressed in a sort of blue cloth military cloak, and armed, as we found out later on.

The situation was grave; sixteen Representatives arrested, all the generals of the Assembly, and he who was more than a general, Charras. All the journals suppressed, all the printing-offices occupied by soldiers. On the side of Bonaparte an army of 80,000 men, which could be doubled in a few hours; on our side nothing. The People deceived, and, moreover, disarmed. The telegraph at their command. All the walls covered with their placards, and at our disposal not a single printing-case, not one sheet of paper. No means of raising the protest, no means of beginning the combat. The *Coup d'État* was clad with mail, the Republic was naked; the *Coup d'État* had a speaking-trumpet, the Republic wore a gag.

What was to be done?

The raid against the Republic, against the Assembly, against Right, against Law, against Progress, against Civilization, was commanded by African generals. These heroes had just proved that they were cowards. They had taken their precautions well. Fear alone can engender so much skill. They had arrested all the men of war of the Assembly, and all the men of action of the Left—Baune, Charles Lagrange, Miot, Valentin, Nadaud, Cholat. Add to this that all the possible chiefs of the barricades were in prison. The organizers of the ambuscade had carefully left at liberty Jules Favre, Michel de Bourges, and myself, judging us to be less men of action than of the Tribune; wishing to leave the Left men capable of resistance, but incapable of victory, hoping to dishonor us if we did not fight, and to shoot us if we did fight.

Nevertheless, no one hesitated. The deliberation began. Other Representatives arrived every minute: Edgar Quinet, Doutre, Pelletier, Cassal, Bruckner, Baudin, Chauffour. The room was full; some were seated, most were standing, in confusion, but without tumult.

I was the first to speak.

I said that the struggle ought to be begun at once. Blow for blow.

That it was my opinion that the hundred and fifty Representatives of the Left should put on their scarfs of office, should march in procession through the streets and the boulevards as far as the Madeleine, and crying, "Vive la République! Vive la Constitution!" should appear before the troops, and alone, calm and unarmed, should summon Might to obey Right. If the soldiers yielded, they should go to the Assembly and make an end of Louis Bonaparte. If the soldiers fired upon their legislators, they should disperse throughout Paris, cry, "To Arms!" and resort to barricades. Resistance should be begun constitutionally, and if that failed, should be continued revolutionarily. There was no time to be lost.

"High treason," said I, "should be seized red-handed; it is a great mistake to suffer such an outrage to be accepted by the hours as they elapse. Each minute which passes is an accomplice, and indorses the crime. Beware of that calamity called an 'Accomplished fact.' To arms!"

Many warmly supported this advice; among others, Edgar Quinet, Pelletier, and Doutre.

Michel de Bourges seriously objected. My instinct was to begin at once; his advice was to wait and see. According to him, there was danger in hastening the catastrophe. The *Coup d'État* was organized, and the People were not. They had been taken unawares. We must not indulge in illusion. The masses could not stir yet. Perfect calm reigned in the faubourgs. Surprise existed, yes; Anger, no. The People of Paris, although so intelligent, did not understand.

Michel added: "We are not in 1830. Charles X., in turning out the 221, exposed himself to this blow, the re-election of the 221. We are not in the same situation. The 221 were popular. The present Assembly is not: a Chamber which has been insultingly dissolved is always sure to conquer if the People support it. Thus the People rose in 1830. To-day they wait. They are dupes until they shall be victims." Michel de Bourges concluded: "The People must be given time to understand, to grow angry, to rise. As for us Representatives, we should be rash to precipitate the situation. If we were to march immediately straight upon the troops, we should only be shot to no purpose, and the glorious insurrection for Right would thus be beforehand deprived of its natural leaders, the Representatives of the People. We should decapitate the popular army. Temporary delay, on the contrary, would be beneficial. Too much zeal must be guarded against; self-restraint is necessary; to give way would be to lose the battle before having begun it. Thus, for example, we must not attend the meeting announced by the Right for noon; all those who went there would be arrested. We must remain free, we must remain in readiness, we must remain calm, and must act waiting the advent of the People. Four days of this agitation without fighting would weary the army." Michel, however, advised a beginning, but simply by placarding Article 68 of the Constitution. But where should a printer be found?

Michel de Bourges spoke with an experience of revolutionary procedure which was wanting in me. For many years past he had acquired a certain practical knowledge of the masses. His counsel was wise. It must be added that all the information which came to us seconded him, and appeared conclusive against me. Paris was dejected. The army of the *Coup d'État* invaded her peaceably. Even the placards were not torn down. Nearly all the Representatives present, even the most daring, agreed with Michel's counsel to wait and see what would happen. "At night," said they, "the agitation will begin," and they concluded, like Michel de Bourges, that the People must be given time to understand. There would be a risk of being alone in too hasty a beginning. We should not carry the People with us in the first moment. Let us leave the indignation to increase little by little in their hearts. If it were begun prematurely, our manifestation would miscarry. These were the sentiments of all. For myself, while listening to them, I felt shaken. Perhaps they were right. It would be a mistake to give the signal for the combat in vain. What good is the lightning which is not followed by the thunder-bolt?

To raise a voice, to give vent to a cry, to find a printer, there was the first question. But was there still a free Press?

The brave old ex-chief of the Sixth Legion, Colonel Forestier, came in. He took Michel de Bourges and myself aside.

"Listen," said he to us. "I come to you. I have been dismissed. I no longer command my legion; but appoint me, in the name of the Left, Colonel of the Sixth. Sign me an order, and I will go at once and call them to arms. In an hour the regiment will be on foot."

"Colonel," answered I, "I will do more than sign an order, I will accompany you."

And I turned toward Charamaule, who had a carriage in waiting.

"Come with us," said I.

Forestier was sure of two majors of the Sixth. We decided to drive to them at once, while Michel and the other Representatives should await us at Bonvalet's, in the Boulevard du Temple, near the Café Turc. There they could consult together.

We started.

We traversed Paris, where people were already beginning to swarm in a threatening manner. The boulevards were thronged with an uneasy crowd. People walked to and fro, passers-by accosted each other without any previous acquaintance—a noteworthy sign of public anxiety—and groups talked in loud voices at the corners of the streets. The shops were being shut.

"Come! this looks better," cried Charamaule.

He had been wandering about the town since the morning, and he had noticed with sadness the apathy of the masses.

We found the two majors at home upon whom Colonel Forestier counted. They were two rich linen-drapers, who received us with some embarrassment. The shop-men had gathered together at the windows, and watched us pass by. It was mere curiosity.

In the mean while one of the two majors countermanded a journey which he was going to undertake on that day, and promised us his co-operation.

"But," added he, "do not deceive yourselves; one can foresee that we shall be cut to pieces. Few men will march out."

Colonel Forestier said to us: "Watrin, the present Colonel of the Sixth, does not care for fighting; perhaps he will resign me the command amicably. I will go and find him alone, so as to startle him the less, and will join you at Bonvalet's."

Near the Porte St. Martin we left our carriage, and Charamaule and myself proceeded along the boulevard on foot, in order to observe the groups more closely, and more easily to judge the aspect of the crowd.

The recent leveling of the road had converted the boulevard of the Porte St. Martin into a deep cutting, commanded by two embankments. On the summits of these embankments were the foot-ways, furnished with railings. The carriages drove along the cutting, the foot-passengers walked along the footways.

Just as we reached the boulevard, a long column of infantry filed into this ravine with drummers at their head. The thick waves of bayonets filled the square of St. Martin, and lost themselves in the depths of the Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle.

An enormous and compact crowd covered the two pavements of the Boulevard St. Martin. Large numbers of workmen in their blouses were there, leaning upon the railings.

At the moment when the head of the column entered the defile before the Theatre of the Porte St. Martin, a tremendous shout of "Vive la République!" came forth from every mouth as though shouted by one man. The soldiers continued to advance in silence, but it might have been said that their pace slackened, and many of them regarded the crowd with an air of indecision. What did this cry of "Vive la République!" mean? Was it a token of applause? Was it a shout of defiance?

It seemed to me at that moment that the Republic raised its brow, and that the *Coup d'État* hung its head.

Meanwhile Charamaule said to me, "You are recognized."

In fact, near the Château d'Eau the crowd surrounded me. Some young men cried out, "Vive Victor Hugo!" One of them asked me, "Citizen Victor Hugo, what ought we to do?"

I answered, "Tear down the seditious placards of the *Coup d'État*, and cry, 'Vive la Constitution!'"

"And suppose they fire on us?" said a young workman.

"You will hasten to arms."

"Bravo!" shouted the crowd.

I added, "Louis Bonaparte is a rebel; he has steeped himself to-day in every crime. We, Representatives of the People, declare him an outlaw; but there is no need for our declaration, since he is an outlaw by the mere fact of his treason. Citizens, you have two hands: take in one your Right, and in the other your gun, and fall upon Bonaparte."

"Bravo! Bravo!" again shouted the people.

A tradesman who was shutting up his shop said to me, "Don't speak so loud; if they heard you talking like that, they would shoot you."

"Well, then," I replied, "you would parade my body, and my death would be a boon if the justice of God could result from it."

All shouted, "Long live Victor Hugo!" "Shout, 'Long live the Constitution,'" said I.

A great cry of "Vive la Constitution! Vive la République!" came forth from every breast.

Enthusiasm, indignation, anger, flashed in the faces of all. I thought then, and I still think, that this, perhaps, was the supreme moment. I was tempted to carry off all that crowd, and to begin the battle.

Charamaule restrained me. He whispered to me,

"You will bring about a useless fusillade. Every one is unarmed. The infantry is only two paces from us; and see! here comes the artillery."

I looked round; in truth, several pieces of cannon emerged at a quick trot from the Rue de Bondy, behind the Château d'Eau.

The advice to abstain, given by Charamaule, made a deep impression on me. Coming from such a man, and one so dauntless, it was certainly not to be distrusted. Besides, I felt myself bound by the deliberation which had just taken place at the meeting in the Rue Blanche.

I shrank before the responsibility which I should have incurred. To have taken advantage of such a moment might have been victory; it might also have been a massacre. Was I right? Was I wrong?

The crowd thickened around us, and it became difficult to go forward. We were anxious, however, to reach the *rendezvous* at Bonvalet's.

Suddenly some one touched me on the arm. It was Léopold Duras, of the *National*.

"Go no further," he whispered; "the Restaurant Bonvalet is surrounded. Michel de Bourges has attempted to harangue the People, but the soldiers came up. He barely succeeded in making his escape. Numerous Representatives who came to the meeting have been arrested. Retrace your steps. We are returning to the old *rendezvous* in the Rue Blanche. I have been looking for you to tell you this."

A cab was passing; Charamaule made a sign to the driver. We jumped in, followed by the crowd, shouting, "Vive la République! Vive Victor Hugo!"

It appears that just at that moment a squadron of *sergents de ville* arrived on the boulevard to arrest me. The coachman drove off at full speed. A quarter of an hour afterward we reached the Rue Blanche.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BATTLE OF KIZIL-TEPE.

The capture of the heights of Kizil-Tepe by the Turkish forces was an important incident of the battle of Kuruk Dara, which was fought on the 25th of August, between the Russians under General Melikoff and the Turks under Mukhtar Pasha. The village of Kuruk Dara lies about twenty miles northeast of Kars. The Russian left, which rested on a plateau in front of the village, was attacked about three o'clock in the morning. The correspondent of the New York *Herald*, writing on the day of the battle, says:

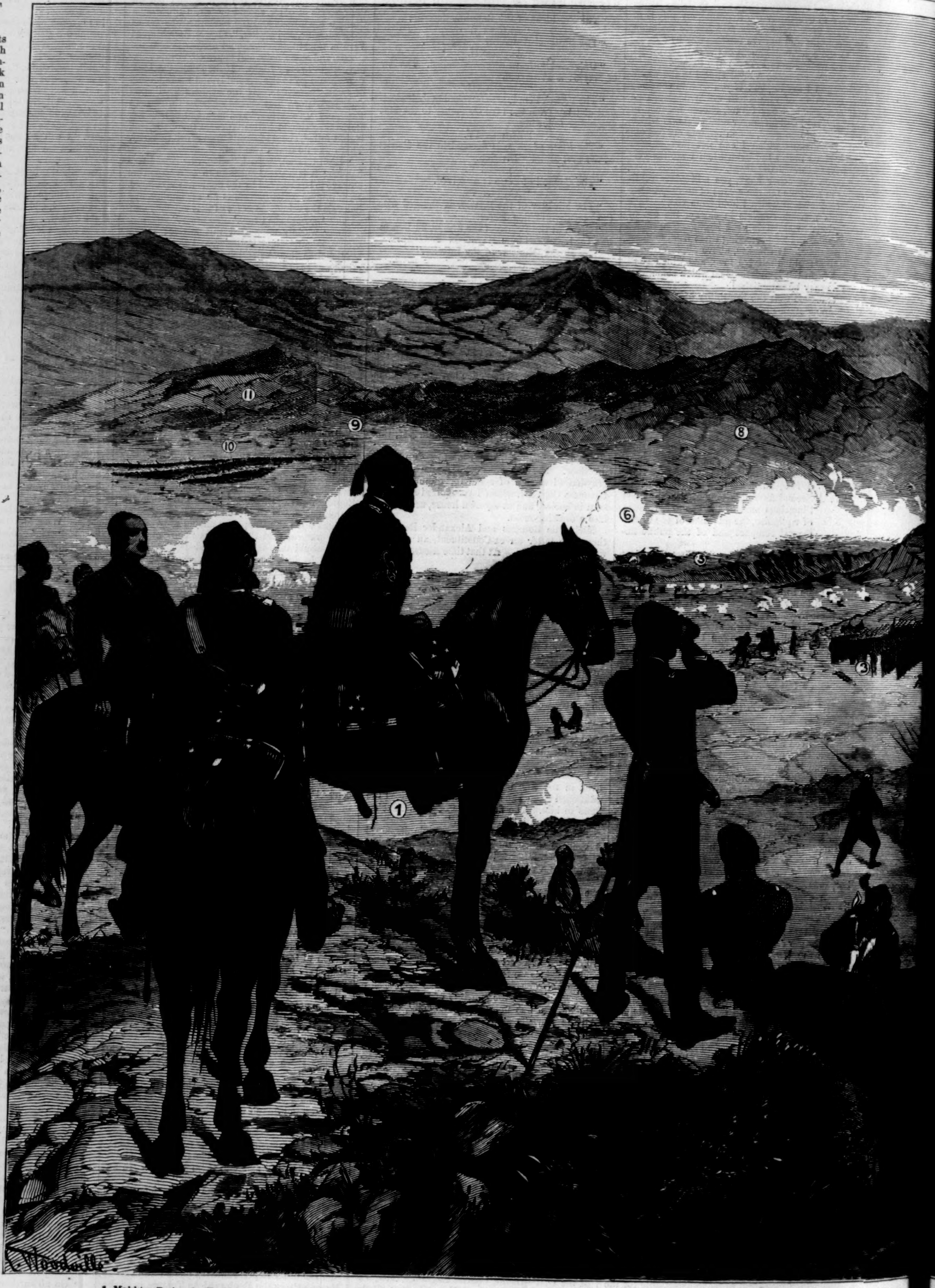
"The two armies fought all day long. The weather throughout was magnificent, and for fourteen hours attack, repulse, and counter-attack continued. The roar of musketry and cannon was unceasing, and so thick was the smoke at times that the hot noon sun could not be seen. The Russians were persistently brave, and pursued their well-known policy of reserving their fire until the attacking column was at very close range, when, after the discharge, they sprang forward, and received their foes with the bayonet. It was not always that the Turks wavered. Some portions of the Turkish line fought better than others. Desperate hand-to-hand fighting occurred on two occasions.

"The efforts of the Turks to capture Kuruk Dara were desperate, and certainly did not fail from want of persistency. Prior to the opening of the attack, only a few companies of the regiment forming the extreme Russian left had been encamped in front of the little town; but shortly after midnight, General Loris Melikoff having been informed of the advance of the enemy, two entire divisions, each division consisting of four regiments of 2500 men, were thrown into the place before five o'clock in the morning. The greater part of the Second Division was held as a reserve, and did not come into action until late in the afternoon.

"The first shock of the attack was received by two regiments of infantry which had re-enforced the small force in occupation of Kuruk Dara, and in these two regiments the losses were terrible, some companies being literally wrecked. They stood their ground, however, until relief came, and that was the main thing. These men gave the Turks their first check, and checked they were at every point throughout the day."

In another part of the field, however, the Turks were successful in their attack. The heights of Kizil-Tepe, which were held by five battalions of Russian infantry, were attacked by two divisions under Ali Pasha and Capitan Mahmed Bey, the hero of Ardahan. They were both wounded. The Russians, outnumbered by ten to one, fought bravely, but were driven off from their main camp. They came up about 9 A.M., and made three unsuccessful attempts to carry the hill by storm. These were most gallantly repulsed by the Turks, who finally remained masters of the field.

It is said that a young girl named Fatma, daughter of an Arab sheik, was in command of the Circassian cavalry in this engagement. She appeared to be entirely fearless of death, and rode across the line of her own troops when they were firing, in utter disregard of the usages of warfare. The poor brave girl was killed, whether by her own men or the enemy is not known, before the Circassians reached the Russian camp. She was seen to fall from her horse, and her whole troop of cavalry passed over her body. A nearly similar incident is told of a young Russian officer in Bulgaria, who refused to retreat when the regiment fell back, and was killed on the spot. The body was ordered to be buried with honor by the Turkish commander, who was astounded to find that the brave young officer was a girl.



1. Mukhtar Pasha, the Turkish Commander-in-Chief. 2. Turkish Re-enforcements going to the Front. 3. Turkish Infantry engaged. 4. Turkish Battery on the Kizil-Tepe Hill.

THE BATTLE OF

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

A WEDDING MARCH.

Bella's marriage was to take place on the last day of October. It had been laid down from the beginning that it was to be a very quiet wedding. There was a newness and brightness about that splendid monument to the late Mrs. Piper in Little Yafford church-yard which seemed to forbid high jinks at Mr. Piper's second nuptials. "People might talk," as Mrs. Scratchell said, happily ignorant that people were talking about her daughter and Mr. Piper with all their might already.

Hardly any body was to be invited to the wedding. This was what Mr. Piper and every body else concerned kept on saying, yet every day some fresh invitation was given. Mr. Piper had a good many friends among the manufacturing classes—innumerable middle-aged men with red faces and expansive waistcoats, every one of whom was, by his own showing, the oldest friend he had. These, one by one, were bidden, with their wives and families, "the more the merrier." In no case was the invitation premeditated, but it came naturally from Mr. Piper's lips when he met an old acquaintance on 'change, or in the club-house at Great Yafford.

"Never mind, my dear," he said, apologetically, to Bella. "They are all carriage people. And they'll make a fine show at the church door."

"But I thought we were going into county society," said Bella.

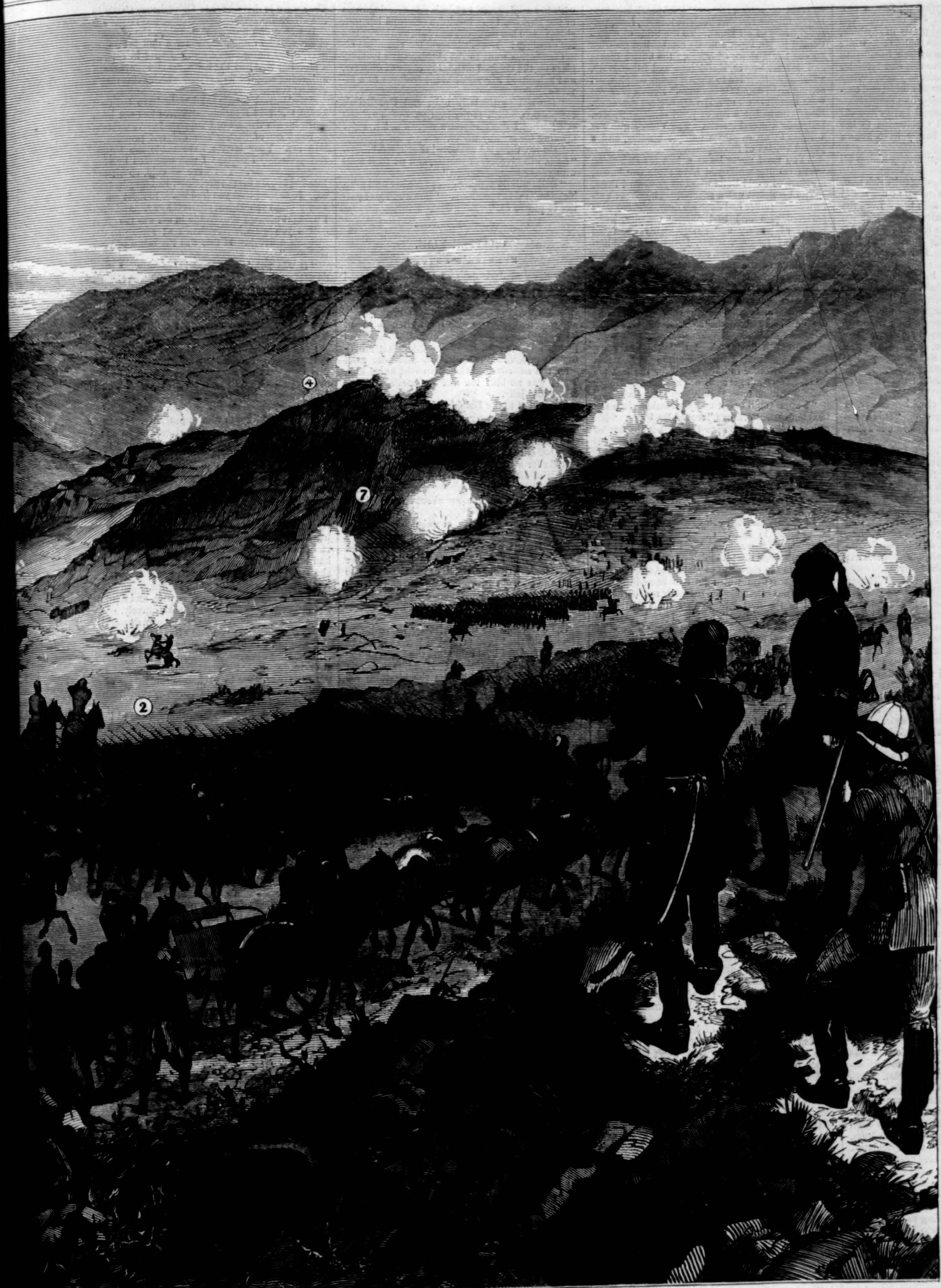
"So we are, my pet, but we aren't going to cut old friends. The[...]
low I know, and [...]
out of hat linings. [...]
and there's a fine [...]
You ought to kno[...]

"I think if you[...]
you'll have to give[...]
"They won't mix."

"But they must [...]
make it worth thei[...]
I shall give will br[...]

"Like oil and w[...]
little out of humo[...]

These invitation[...]



-Tepe Hill. ...n Skirmishers. 6. Russian Guns (about Sixty) in Line. 7. Russian Shells bursting. 8. Hill occupied by the Russians. 9 and 10. Russian Troops advancing. 11. Kuruk Dara Hill.

LE OF ... -TEPE, IN ARMENIA.

...igzell, the jolliest fel-
...elve thousand a year
...gzell's a perfect lady,
...grown-up daughters.
...gzells."
...be in county society,
...Wigzells," said Bella.
...d Mr. Piper. "I shall
...mix. Such dinners as
...o classes together—"
...aid Bella, who was a
...affianced.
...Piper's, given at ran-dom, had swelled the wedding party into an alarming number. Poor Mrs. Scratchell was troubled in mind as to how she should seat her guests. There was a difficulty about the tables. But Mr. Piper made light of every thing. He would have no cutting and contriving, no humble devices of Mrs. Scratchell's, no home-made pastry. He went to Great Yafford and contracted with the principal confectioner of that town to supply every thing, from the tables and decorations down to the salt-spoons. The breakfast was to be a magnificent banquet at a guinea a head, exclusive of wines, and Mr. Piper was to write a check for every thing.

This arrangement pleased every body except Bella, whose pride was keenly wounded by it.

"You have made a pauper of me among you," she cried, angrily, to the family circle, on the night before her wedding. "I had rather have had the quietest, simplest breakfast that mother could have arranged, with the Dulcimers and Beatrix Harefield for our only visitors, than all this finery paid for by Mr. Piper."

"Fiddle-sticks!" exclaimed Mr. Scratchell. "You weren't ashamed to take his money for your wedding clothes. Why should you be ashamed of his paying for your wedding breakfast? I hate such humbug."

"I have a little pride left," said Bella.

"Very little, I should think," answered her father, "and what you have doesn't become you. It's like the peacock's feathers on the jackdaw. You weren't born with it."

"Come up stairs and let us try on the wedding bonnets," said Clementina. "And be kind and nice, Bella. Recollect it is your last night at home."

"Thank God for that, at any rate!" ejaculated Bella, piously.

The house had been transformed by an artificial and almost awful tidiness. Every thing had been put away. The swept and garnished rooms were scarcely habitable.

"I never saw such discomfort," cried Mr. Scratchell, looking discontentedly round his office, which smelled of soft soap, and was cleaner than he had ever seen it in his life.

His papers had all been stowed away, he knew not where. Valuable leases and agreements might have been thrust into obscure corners where they would be forgotten. The whole process horrified him.

"You oughtn't to have touched my office," he said; "business is business."

"I couldn't help it," pleaded Mrs. Scratchell. "The men from Great Yafford said we must have a room for the gentlemen to put their hats and things, so I was obliged to give them this. You have no idea how they order us about. And then they asked me where they were to put your things, and almost before I told them, and while I was so flurried I scarcely knew what I was saying, your papers and tin boxes were all swept off."

"And pray where are they?" demanded Mr. Scratchell, furiously.

"I— Don't be angry, Scratchell. I couldn't help it. They're all safe—quite, quite safe—in the hay-loft."

"Where the rats are eating the Harefield leases, no doubt," said Mr. Scratchell.

"It's for a short time, dear," said Mrs. Scratchell, soothingly. "We'll have every thing back in its place the day after to-morrow; and I don't think rats like parchment."

The wedding day dawned, and to all that busy and excited household the sky seemed to be of another color and the atmosphere of another quality than the sky and atmosphere of common days. The Scratchell girls rose with the lark, or rather with the disappearance of the cockroaches in the old kitchen, where those black gentlemen scampered off to their holes, like Hamlet's ghost, at cock-crow. The younger sisters were in high spirits. The idea of an inordinately rich brother-in-law opened a new hemisphere of delight. What picnics and carpet dances and other dissipations Bella could provide for them when she was mistress of Little Yafford Park! To-day they were to wear handsome dresses for the first time in their lives—dresses of Bella's providing. As bride-maids, they were important features in the show. The maid-of-all-work was no less excited. She too was to wear a fine dress; and she had the prospect of unlimited flirtation with the young men from the pastry-cook's. She brought the girls an early cup of tea, and helped them to plait their hair. Ordinary plaits would not do for to-day.

"I'll have mine plaited in ten, if you can manage it, Sally," said Flora.

"And I'll have mine in the Grecian plait," said Clementina.

"I don't know what's the matter with Miss Beller," said the faithful Sally. "It's my belief she has been crying all night. Her eyes are as red as pickled cabbage. All I can say, if she isn't fond of Mr. Piper, she ought to be. Such a free-spoken, open-handed gentleman!"

Mr. Piper was intensely popular in the Scratchell household. Nobody considered that Bella was sacrificing herself in marrying so charming a man. His fifty years, his puffiness, his coarse red hands, about which Nature had made a trifling mistake and supplied thumbs in place of fingers, his bald head with its garnish of iron-gray bristles—all these things went for nothing. He had won every body's favor, except, perhaps, that of his young bride.

At a quarter to eleven every body was ready—Mr. Scratchell in an entire new suit, which circumstance was such a novelty to him that he felt as if he had been changed in his sleep, like the tinker in the old story; Mrs. Scratchell, flushed and nervous, tightly incased in a shining purple silk gown, which made her presence felt as a mass of

vivid color wherever she appeared, like a new stained glass window in an old church. The bride-maids looked bright and pretty in sky-blue, with wreaths of forget-me-nots round their white chip bonnets. The boys wore sleek broadcloth like their father's, buff waistcoats, and lavender trousers. Every thing was intensely new. They all stood in the hall waiting for the bride, and contemplating each other curiously, like strangers.

"I never thought father could have come out so good-looking," whispered Clementina to her eldest brother. "I should hardly have known him."

"Ah!" ejaculated Herbert, "money makes all the difference."

They felt as if they were all going to be rich now. It was not Bella only who went up in the social scale. Her family ascended with her. Even the faithful domestic drudge, Sally, rejoiced at the change in her fortunes. The fragments that fell to her share after the family dinner would be daintier and more plentiful. Her scanty wages would be more secure.

At last Bella came down, in glistening white apparel, clouded over with lace. That delicate taste which had always been hers—th instinctive refinement in all external things which made her mother say that Bella had been a lady from her cradle—had regulated her wedding dress. She looked as pure and aerial as some pale spring floweret, tremulous upon its slender stem. Her family bowed down and worshiped her, like Joseph's brethren, as represented in the vision of the sheaves.

"God bless you, my pet!" cried her father, in an unprecedented burst of affection. "It is something to have such a beauty as you in one's family."

The gray old chancel was like a bed of gaudy tulips, so varied and so brilliant were the dresses of Mr. Piper's manufacturing friends, waiting impatiently to behold him at the altar. Among all these bright colors and startling bonnets, Beatrix Harefield in her gray silk dress and old Brussels lace looked like a creature belonging to another world. All the manufacturing people noticed her, and wanted to know who that distinguished-looking young lady was. Mrs. Dulcimer and Beatrix had the Vicarage pew all to themselves.

Presently the bride entered the porch leaning on her father's arm, pale against the whiteness of her bridal dress. Mr. Piper, crimson with agitation, and breathing a little harder than usual, hurried forward to receive her. He offered her his arm. The four bride-maids followed, two and two, the organist played a spirited march, and the business of the day began.

Bella gave the responses in a clear, firm little voice. Mr. Piper spoke them with gruff decision. Mr. Dulcimer read the service beautifully, but Mr. Piper's manufacturing friends hardly appreciated the Vicar's deliberate and impressive style. They would rather have had the service rattled off with modern celerity, so that they might get to the wedding breakfast.

"If there's any hot *ontries*, they'll be spoiled," whispered Mrs. Wigzell, the hat-lining manufacturer's wife, to Mrs. Porkman, whose husband was in the provision line.

"I'm beginning to feel quite faint," answered Mrs. Porkman. "Getting up so early and coming so far. It's too trying for a weak constitution."

"Did you ever see such a young thing?" asked Mrs. Wigzell, indicating the bride with a motion of her head.

Mrs. Porkman's only answer was a profound sigh.

"What can be expected from such an unsuitable marriage?" demanded Mrs. Wigzell, still in a whisper. "After such a sensible wife as poor Moggie, too!"

"Oh, my dear, Moggie Piper never rose to the level of her position," answered Mrs. Porkman.

And now all was over; and for ever and ever—or, at least, for the ever and ever of this lower world—Ebenezer Piper and Isabella Scratchell were made one. Whatever the incongruity of the union, the thing was done. Disgrace or death only could loosen the knot.

The organ crashed out the tremendous chords of the Wedding March; every body looked delighted at the near prospect of breakfast. People crowded into the vestry to see Bella and her husband sign the register. There was much kissing of bride and bride-maids, while poor Mrs. Scratchell, wedged into a corner by the vestry door, wept a shower of hot tears over her purple dress.

"I hope she'll be happy," she ejaculated. "Marriage is a solemn thing. God grant she may be happy!"

And in her inmost heart the mother prayed and feared lest all should not be well with her daughter in this marriage which she as well as her husband had striven so hard to bring to pass.

"We have done all for the best," she told herself, "and Mr. Piper is a kind good man."

Her maternal heart thrilled with pride presently at the church door when she saw the manufacturing people's carriages, the sleek well-groomed horses, the smart liveries, the consequential coachmen and pampered footmen. They were a long time getting away from the church, and there was a good deal of fuss and some offense given to punctilious minds in bringing the carriages to the porch. Mrs. Porkman's landau came before Mrs. Wigzell's, which was wrong, as every body knows that hat linings rank before provisions; and the great Mr. Timperley of the Linseed Mills—quite the most important person present—was left with his aggrieved wife and daughter till nearly the last. However, they all got off ultimately, and five minutes brought them to Mr. Scratchell's door.

The breakfast was laid on two long tables in the common parlor; the best parlor did duty as a reception-room, and for the display of the wedding presents, which were exhibited on a side table—quite a dazzling array. Mr. Piper's friends had all sent offerings, scaly golden snakes with emerald or ruby eyes, mother-o'-pearl envelope boxes, filigree bouquet-holders, lockets, fans, personal finery of all kinds. To the bride of a gentleman in Mr. Piper's firmly established position no one could think of offering the butter dishes and dessert knives, claret jugs and fish-carvers, which are presented to modest young couples ust setting up in domestic business. Bella's presents were therefore all of a strictly useless character. Beatrix gave her a set of pearl ornaments, Mrs. Dulcimer a dressing-case. The Vicar's gift was a Bible in an exquisite antique binding, and a pocket edition of Shakspeare.

"You need never be at a loss for something worth reading while you have those two books, my dear," he told Bella when he presented them.

The breakfast was a success. The Great Yafford confectioner had done his duty. There were perigord pies and barley-sugar temples, hecatombs of poultry and game, highly decorated hams and tongues, trifles, jellies, creams, hothouse fruit, ices, wafers, coffee, and liqueurs. To the minds of the young Scratchells it was the most wonderful feast. They played havoc among all the dishes, reckless of after-consequences. Such a banquet as that was well worth the cost of a bilious attack. The wines had all come from the Park, and were the choicest in Mr. Piper's collection.

"There's a flavior about that 'ock" said Mr. Porkman, smacking his lips approvingly, "that I don't remember to have tasted for the last ten years. You don't get such 'ock nowadays. Money won't buy it, no more than it won't buy Madeira."

"I hope you'll crack many a bottle before the next ten years, Porkman," roared Mr. Piper. "It's Skloss Johnney's Berger that I bought out of old Tom Howland's cellar after the poor old gentleman's death. He was a connysewer was Tom. I've got a whole bin, and it will be your fault if you don't punish it."

"And so I will, Sir, for it's real good stuff," answered Mr. Porkman, blinking at the pale amber wine in his green glass.

The newly married couple were to spend their honey-moon in Italy. Coarse as he was in appearance and manners, Mr. Piper had vague yearnings after the pleasures of refinement. He wanted to see the cities of Italy, and the pictures and statues with which he had been informed those cities abounded. He had not cared to travel in the first Mrs. Piper's time, firstly because that lady's health had been precarious, and secondly because she could not speak a word of any language except her own. Mr. Piper wanted a companion who could interpret for him, and assist him to squabble with innkeepers and hackney-coachmen. Such a companion he felt he could have in Bella, and he would take a pride in exhibiting his pretty young wife at tables d'hôtes and in public places. He would like to be pointed out as a comfortable well-to-do man of middle age who had married a girl young enough to be his daughter. He was not ashamed of the disparity. It flattered his vanity.

Bella looked very pretty by-and-by in a fawn-colored travelling dress and a pale blue bonnet. There was a carriage-and-four to take Mr. Piper and his bride to the railway station at Great Yafford. He had insisted upon four horses, though two could have done the work just as well. The postilions were an imposing spectacle—smartly clad in sky-blue jackets, with satin favors pinned upon their breasts, and slightly the worse for beer. Happily the hired horses were of a sober and steady-going breed, or Mr. and Mrs. Piper might have come to grief on the first stage of their journey.

They were gone, amidst the usual shower of old slippers. The wedding guests departed immediately after. There was to be no dance—nothing to wind up the evening, as Clementina and all her younger sisters and brothers loudly lamented.

"I should think you'd better all go off to your beds, after the way you stuffed yourselves all through the breakfast," said Mr. Scratchell. "I saw you."

"What was the use of leaving things?" demanded Herbert. "The pastry-cook's men will take every thing back. They won't leave us a crumb for to-morrow."

Herbert was right. The confectioner's minions were already sweeping off the fragments of the feast—half tongues, bodies of fowls, dilapidated pies. Mrs. Scratchell stood and watched them with envious eyes. The family might have subsisted for a week upon those savory remains. The small Scratchells prowled round the tables, and picked little bits out of the plates. Those manufacturing people had been delicate and wasteful in their eating. The broken bits were daintier than any thing the little Scratchells had ever tasted before.

"Come, clear out!" cried the father; "you've all eaten too much already."

But he thought it a hard thing that the pastry-cook's men should come down, like locusts of Scripture, and make barrenness in the land, after Mr. Piper had paid for every thing.

The house had a desolate look when the van had driven off with all the glass and china and the long deal tables, the épergnes and artificial flowers. Bella's room looked the dreariest of them all. It was but a poor attic at best, and now, in the untidiness of departure, strewed all over with crumpled scraps of paper, ends of old ribbon, cast-off cuffs and collars, and worn-out shoes, it looked horrible. The younger sisters explored the chamber, after all was over, in the faint hope of gleaning something valuable.

"She hasn't left a morsel of any thing behind her," said Clementina.

"I don't think you can complain of that," said Flora. "She's given us all her old clothes."

"If she'd had a spark of generosity, she'd have given us some of her new," answered Clementina. "This is to be my room now. It's a horrid hole. I'm sure the furniture must have been second-hand when Noah built the ark. Think of Bella with her apple-green bedroom and dressing-room at the Park—all the furniture new, and her own choice and her barouche and pair, and brougham for evenings! Doesn't it seem too ridiculous?"

Clementina went to the shabby little looking-glass on the chipped mahogany chest of drawers, and submitted her small blunt features to a severe scrutiny.

"I'm not particularly ugly, and I've Bella's complexion, which is the best part of her," she said; "but I don't suppose there's a Mr. Piper growing for me any where."

"Oh yes, there is," answered the cheerful Flora. "Bella will give lots of parties, and we shall meet with young manufacturers."

"Bella will do nothing except for her own gratification," said Clementina. "She won't give parties to please us."

CHAPTER XLIII.

KENRICK'S RETURN.

In the dull dark days of November Mr. and Mrs. Dulcimer took their ward to Southampton, there to await her lover's return. They were to spend a week at Culverhouse with Sir Kenrick, and then he was to go with them when th went back to Little Yafford. Mrs. Dulcimer had planned it all. If Kenrick was ailing still—though that was no likely, Mrs. Dulcimer said, after the sea-voyage—Rebecca could nurse him. There was no beef tea like Rebecca's, no such calves-foot jelly.

They went to the Dolphin Hotel, at Southampton, and Mr. Dulcimer at once descended upon the old book-shops in the High Street, like a vulture upon carrion—very much like a vulture, since he cared only for the dead. Mrs. Dulcimer took Beatrix for a gentle walk, which meant a contemplation of all the shop windows. Beatrix looked pale and out of spirits.

"I know you are anxious about Kenrick," said Mrs. Dulcimer.

Beatrix blushed. Her conscience smote her for not being anxious enough about her wounded lover. Had it been Cyril thus returning, what agonies of hope and fear would have rent her breast! But it was only Kenrick, the man she had promised, out of simple gratitude and esteem, to marry; and her feeling about him, as the hour of their meeting drew nigh, was an ever-increasing dread.

The day came for the arrival of the steamer. The weather had been favorable, late as it was in the year, and the boat came into the docks on the very day she was expected. Mrs. Dulcimer and Beatrix had been walking on the platform for an hour in the afternoon, when the Vicar came bustling up to them.

"The steamer is just coming in," he cried; and they all hurried off to the docks.

There were a great many people, a crowd of anxious faces, all looking toward the open water across which the big steamer was cleaving her steady way.

Who was that on the high bridge beside the captain, looking shoreward through a glass?

"Kenrick," exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Dulcimer simultaneously.

Beatrix saw nothing. For a minute or so the docks and the people, the blue bright water outside, the muddy green water inside, the big gayly painted steamer—every thing—swam before her eyes. He was coming, he had come, to claim the fulfillment of her promise. That weak moment in which she had yielded to an impulse of grateful feeling now meant life-long misery.

A few minutes more and he was standing by her side, her hand clasped in his, Mr. Dulcimer giving him hearty welcome, Mrs. Dulcimer doing all the weeping, Beatrix dumb as a statue.

"Oh, my poor dear Kenrick," cried the Vicar's wife, when she could find a voice, "how changed you are—how fearfully changed!"

"I've been very ill," he answered, quietly. "I didn't want to frighten you all, so I made rather light of it in my letter. But I've had a narrow squeak. However, here I am, and I don't mean to knock under now."

The change was startling. The elegant and aristocratic-looking young man they all remembered less than a year ago, was transformed into a feeble invalid, whose shoulders were bent with weakness, and across whose cadaverous cheek there appeared the deep cicatrice of a sabre wound. There was nothing absolutely repulsive in Kenrick's aspect, but there was enough to make love itself falter.

They got him into a fly and drove off to the Dolphin, while Mr. Dulcimer staid behind to look after the luggage.

"Beatrix," said Kenrick, when they were seated opposite each other in the fly, "I have not heard your voice yet, and it is your voice that I have been hearing in my dreams every night on board the steamer."

"I am very sorry to see you looking so ill," she answered, gently.

"My boot-maker or my tailor would say as much as that. Tell me you are glad to see me—me—even the poor wreck I am."

There are pardonable hypocrisies in this life. Beatrix's eyes brimmed over with tears. She was deeply sorry for him, sorry that she could find no love for him in her heart; only infinite pity.

"I am very glad you are safe at home," she said. "We have all been anxious about you."

A poor welcome for a man who had lived through six months' hard fighting with brown Buddhist soldiers—whirling round him in a diabolical dance, like the imps and demons of delirium tremens—for the sake of this moment. But he could not upbraid his betrothed for unkindness just now. Mrs. Dulcimer was there, tearful but loquacious, and he could not open his heart before Mrs. Dulcimer.

After breakfast next morning Kenrick asked Beatrix to go for a walk on the platform with him. They were to drive over to Culverhouse Castle in the afternoon.

It was a dim autumnal morning, the opposite shore veiled in mist, the water a dull brownish-gray, every thing placid and subdued in color—a morning that had the calmness and grayness of advancing age, the dull repose which befits man's closing years.

"My dearest love, your letters have been all kindness," said Kenrick. "There has not been much love in them, but I suppose I ve no right to complain of that. You did not promise to love me. Your letters have made me happy. But yesterday I confess I was wounded by your reception of me. You were so cold, so silent! I looked in vain for the greeting I had foreshadowed. It seemed that you had come to meet me as a duty—that you wished yourself away. And then I thought perhaps the change in me was too great—that you were horror-struck at seeing so deplorable a wreck. If this was the cause of your silence—"

"It was not," cried Beatrix, eagerly. "Pray do not imagine any thing of the kind. The change in you makes no difference in me. I am proud to think that you have done your duty—that you have been brave and noble, and have won praise and honor. Do you suppose I do not like you better for that?"

"If I thought otherwise, Beatrix—if I fancied that you were revolted by my lantern-jaws and this ugly gash across my cheek, I would say at once let all be at an end between us. I would give you back your freedom.

"I could not accept it on such terms. There is nothing revolting in your appearance. If there were—if you were maimed and scarred so as to be hardly recognizable—I would remember that you had been wounded in the performance of your duty, and I would honor your wounds. No, Kenrick, believe me, *that* could not make any barrier between us."

"Yet there is a barrier."

She had not the cruelty to answer the cold hard truth. He was ill and weak. He looked at her with eyes that seemed to implore any deception rather than a reality that would crush him. He had loved her and believed in her when the man she loved had doubted and left her. He was at least entitled to gratitude and regard.

"I have promised to be your wife, and am going to keep my promise," she said, gravely.

"Then I am happy. Shall it be soon, dearest?"

"It shall be when you like after the new year."

"And am I to leave the army?"

"No," she answered, quickly. "I am proud of your profession. I should be very sorry if for my sake you were to exchange the career of a soldier for the stagnation of a country gentleman's life."

"There would be no stagnation for me at Culverhouse; yet I had much rather remain in the army. But is my profession to separate us? You may not like to go to India."

"It will be my duty to go with you."

"My love, I have no words to say how happy you have made me. It would have been a grief to give up my profession, but I would have done it without a word in obedience to your wish."

"A wife should have no wish, about serious things, in opposition to her husband," answered Beatrix.

They were at Culverhouse Castle before dusk, and again the village gossips were bobbing to Beatrix, this time with the assurance, derived from Betty Mopson's direct assertion, that she was to be their Lady Bountiful, the source of comfort and blessing at Christmas-tide and in all time of trouble.

They spent a calm and quiet week at the castle. Beatrix liked the gray old buildings with their quaint mixture of ecclesiastical and domestic uses. First a castle, then an abbey, then a good old Tudor dwelling-house—that was the history of Culverhouse. Kenrick brought out old county chronicles to prove what a big place it had been in its time; how it had belonged to a warrior of the Culverhouse breed in the days of the first crusade; how it had been afterward surrendered to the Church by a sinning and repenting Culverhouse; and how, after sequestration and malappropriation under the tyrant Harry, it had come back by marriage to the Culverhouses in a most miraculous way.

"Your house seems to have always been buttressed by heiresses," said Mr. Dulcimer, poring over a musty parchment that Kenrick had produced for his inspection. "You have been a very lucky family."

"Luckier than we have deserved, I fear," answered Kenrick, with a glance at Beatrix.

They all went to Little Yafford at the end of the week, and Kenrick was established at the Vicarage, under strict charge of Rebecca. That worthy woman exercised an awful tyranny over him, feeding him with jellies and soups with as off-hand authority as if he had been a nest of young thrushes, or a turkey in process of fattening for Christmas. He bore it all meekly, for was not Mrs. Dulcimer the best friend he had, since it was she who had first suggested his winning Beatrix.

They were to be married early in the year. Every body was talking about it already. It would be a much more interesting marriage than Mr. Piper's second nuptials, though that event had kept the village gossips alive for full six weeks. The tide of popular feeling had turned, and Beatrix now stood high in the estimation of her neighbors. Even Miss Coyney was silent, and contented herself with an occasional shrug of her shoulders, or a significant elevation of her pepper-and-salt eyebrows. The slander had died a natural death; it had expired of inanition.

Beatrix and her lover saw each other daily. Madame Leonard was delighted with the wounded soldier who had fought so well at Pegu. Every body praised him. Even Beatrix's manner grew a shade warmer, and she began to feel a calm and

sober pleasure in her lover's company—such a mild regard as she might have given to an elder brother with whom she had not been brought up.

As Kenrick grew stronger, they rode together across the wild bleak moor, and the fierce winds blew health and power into the soldier's lungs. Kenrick spent some of his evenings at the dull old Water House, in that pretty white paneled sitting-room that had been so long shut up. Madame Leonard petted and pampered him in her cordial little way. Beatrix was kind, and read or played to him according to the humor of the hour. It was a placid, happy life.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NEW BOOKS.

The Sportsman's Gazetteer and General Guide ("Forest and Stream" Publishing Company, New York) is unquestionably the best work of the kind ever issued in this country. The author, Mr. CHARLES HALLOCK, editor of *Forest and Stream*, the well-known and popular sportsman's journal, is a gentleman well qualified to be the guide, philosopher, and friend of sportsmen, whether professionals or amateurs. His work comprises a full list of the game animals, birds, and fishes of North America, with accurate accounts of their habits, the various methods of capture, etc. In addition to this valuable information, it gives copious and intelligible instruction in shooting, fishing, woodcraft, and other matters interesting to sportsmen; and it also contains a directory to the principal game resorts of the country. The chapter on dogs used for sporting, the best methods of training them, and on their treatment when sick or wounded, is full of important information and practical suggestions. The work is furnished with an excellent index and with admirably engraved maps. Aside from its use as a sportsman's guide, it is a work full of interest to the general reader, and especially to the student of natural history.

—*Caricature and other Comic Art*, by JAMES PARTON (Harper & Brothers), is the most complete and valuable work on this subject ever given to the public. It presents the history of caricature from the earliest times to the present day, in all lands, whether barbarous or civilized, where comic art has flourished. The task was one of great difficulty. Caricatures are generally things of the moment. Their interest dies with the event that calls them forth—

"The meteor drops, and in a flash expires."

Thousands of caricatures which in their day moved the laughter of all who looked at them, to us appear insipid, utterly wanting in point and wit. Mr. Parton has handled the subject with consummate ability, and by his graphic pen-pictures of the times and persons that inspired the caricaturists of former times, has revivified their work, and put it into the power of the modern reader to appreciate and enjoy their good hits. His book is illustrated with more than two hundred illustrations from ancient and modern sources. Its interest and value as a history of comic art are enhanced by portraits and biographical sketches of the more famous caricaturists. The work is written in a lively, popular style, and abounds in entertaining and useful information.

—An interesting narrative of the *Polaris Expedition* into the arctic regions, prepared under government direction by the late Rear-Admiral DAVIS, has lately been issued from the government printing-office. The volume was practically completed at the time of the author's sudden death, and whatever revision was needed was made under the careful supervision of Professor J. E. NOURSE. This account of one of the most famous episodes of arctic exploration, although it has been anticipated by the narrative of Captain Tyson, published by Harper & Brothers, is valuable for the fullness of its official reports, and for its charts and numerous illustrations.

—*Erema; or, My Father's Sin* (Harper & Brothers), is the latest work from the pen of that popular novelist R. D. BLACKMORE, author of *Lorna Doone*, *The Maid of Sker*, *Alice Lorraine*, etc. It is a very striking story, full of dramatic incident, graphic narrative, picturesque description, and artistic delineation of character. The first part deals with life in California in the early days of the settlement of that State; and in no work of fiction, either American or English, have we read more powerful descriptions of pioneer life than these pages present.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday, 11.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 18.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 25.—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 30.—St. Andrew, the Apostle.

THE papers prepared for the Triennial Council of the Congregational Churches are always thoughtful, and sometimes of permanent value. That read in 1874 by the Rev. Dr. COE, on "Comity between Denominations in the Home Field," will be long remembered for its catholicity of spirit and the value of its practical suggestions. Of like importance is the paper from the Rev. Dr. WOOLSEY, the ex-president of Yale, on the "Bible in Schools," furnished to the Triennial Convention of this year. It is marked by thoroughness in touching upon all the issues now made in relation to Bible-teaching in the public schools, and candor in the method of meeting them. President WOOLSEY thinks that the question has gone beyond the possibility of compromise with the Catholics. "It will amount hereafter," he says, "to a plea to give up all mixed schools. The Catholics will join, until that time shall come, with all infidels and many political interests, in keeping religion out of schools, in whatever form it presents itself and asks for admittance." His conclusions are, (1) that the formal teaching of morals should be a part of public-school education; (2) that unless a considerable minority in a school district object, the Bible should be used as the text-book in morals; (3) that if the Bible is withdrawn, as a concession to objectors, other suitable books on practical morality should be substituted. The essay was referred to a committee, at the head of which was President ANGELL, of Michigan University. The report of the committee (unanimously adopted) declared that "whatever system of schools is adopted by the State, there is a necessity and duty of teaching moral duties; that in the practical teaching of such duties ethics can not be altogether dissociated from religion; that a division of school funds among sects is not to be thought of; and that we can not abandon our school system on account of our difficulties with infidels or Roman Catholics." The statistics prepared and presented by Dr. QUINT, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, showed great prosperity in the Congregational churches during the triennium from 1874 to 1877. The net increase of members was 26,972, being an average annual increase of 8993; the total of members now is 350,658. The present number of churches is 3509—an increase of 184 in three years. Only 930 churches have settled pastors; the majority are supplied by ministers who are without a settlement.

To accommodate the English Church Congress at Croydon a large wooden building has been erected. It is 160 feet by 90, and will seat 4000 persons. Its cost is estimated at £2000. The fact that the Archbishop of Canterbury is the presiding officer gives this Congress an importance not pertaining to any other recently held. Archdeacon DENISON has announced his purpose not to attend Church Congresses hereafter. In his opinion, the collisions of Church parties and partisans there occurring do no good, but rather harm.

In an admirable letter to the *Christian World*, of London, M. DE PRESSENSÉ, the Protestant minister, Deputy, and author, states that in the midst of his later political occupations M. THIERS was preparing a philosophical work on religion. "He believed firmly in God as the great Creator and Merciful Father, and spoke with indignation of the systems which shut Him out of His own world, and lower man to the level of an animal. The last working hours of his life seem to have been devoted to these high themes."

Nothing better illustrates the energy of the Christian charity of the English people than the fact that the India Fund for the relief of the famine in Madras has reached £350,000. Of this sum £250,000 had been forwarded early in October. Rain began to fall in October throughout the suffering districts, and at once abated the fears of the people. The number of natives employed on relief works throughout Madras was, at latest accounts, 628,259, and the number gratuitously fed, 1,603,721. The Governor-General has approved plans for permanent public works. These will give remunerative occupation to large numbers of the people.

The Rev. WILLIAM TAYLOR, the American Methodist evangelist, who has in his tours of preaching circumnavigated the globe, has gone to Peru, where he will prosecute his work.

In the Protestant Episcopal Convention the question of the change of the name of the Church "was disposed of by a most decided negative vote in the House of Deputies, the House of Bishops having sent them a message informing them that they had decided against it." An important motion was offered to abolish the Board of Missions as at present constituted, and to bring the missionary administration under the direct control of the Convention. "It seems probable," says the *Church Journal*, "that the General Convention will be made the board, with thirty men, composed of bishops, clergy, and laity, to act as an executive committee in the interval between the triennial meetings of the Convention." The merging of the American Church Missionary Society with the General Board of Missions is among Protestant Episcopalians a subject of congratulation. It is indicative of an ending of the policy of separate organizations for charitable work by the High and Low Church parties. The question of the amendment of the Lectionary was finally decided by the authorization of the Lectionary of the English Church. The proceedings of the Convention were marked by an entire absence of the party spirit which has in former years been active. The denominational papers agree in saying that party lines were obliterated.

The Unitarian Institute, which was successfully held at Springfield, Massachusetts, recently, will be continued biennially. It was determined, also, that hereafter only the evening meetings should be public. Dr. BELLOWS stated the object of the Institute to be not debate, but the presentation to its members of the "latest and freshest thought from whatever source that bears upon the subject of scientific theology." Among the papers read was one by Professor DRAPER, of New York, on "Evolution." Another, on the opposite side of the same subject, by the Rev. Dr. HILL, ex-president of Howard University. Papers were also read by the Rev. W. R. ALGER, on the "Attitude of Man in the Universe of Being;" and the Rev. R. S. CALTHORP, on the "Spiritual Christianity of the Old Testament."

One of the "possible" successors to the papacy, Cardinal RIARIO SFORZA, Archbishop of Naples, died in Rome September 29. He was sixty-seven years of age, and was created cardinal by GREGORY XVI. in 1846. Cardinal MANNING has gone to Rome—for his hat.

Mr. MOODY and his companions transfer their work from Vermont to New Hampshire on Sunday, November 4. The same plan will be followed as during the month of October; that is, four of the prominent towns in the State will be occupied at the same time. The Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of New Hampshire have promised the evangelists hearty co-operation. Mr. MOODY has sent a circular letter to all the pastors of the State, in which he urges that, beginning with the first Sunday of November, "special services be held during the month, at such times and places as ministers and churches in their discretion deem best," and that an effort be made to reach every person in the State.

The American Missionary Association, which devotes itself chiefly to the education of our Freedmen, but has also missions in Africa, held its annual meeting in Syracuse, New York, beginning October 23. The report states that at one time the Association had 500 teachers in the Southern field, with 30,000 scholars. More recently attention has been given exclusively to the training of colored teachers. The pupils now number 4500, and already there are 1500 teachers in the South, sent out by the Association, who are engaged in giving instruction to 100,000 scholars. There are twenty-six schools maintained, under the charge of 134 teachers. Fifty-nine Congregational churches are under the care of the Association, whose members number 4048. The total income from all sources for the year has been $209,695; expenditure, $179,297. The debt is now $62,816, and has been reduced in the year $30,416.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

ON the 2d of June last the royal yacht *Osborne*, while cruising off the coast of Sicily, encountered what was supposed to be, by many on board, the veritable sea-serpent. According to Lieutenant HAYNES, his attention was first attracted, in a perfectly smooth sea, by seeing a ridge of fins above the surface of the water, extending about thirty feet, and varying from five to six feet in height. On inspecting it by means of a telescope, at about one and a half cable's distance, he saw a head, two flippers, and about thirty feet of an animal's shoulder. The head, as nearly as he could judge, was about six feet thick, the neck narrower, about four to five feet, the shoulder about fifteen feet across, and the flippers each about fifteen feet in length. The movements of the flippers were those of a turtle, and the animal resembled a huge seal, the resemblance being strongest about the back of the head. He could not see the length of the head, but judged it to be about fifty feet. The tail end was invisible, unless the ridge of fins which first attracted his attention, and which had disappeared by the time he had got the telescope, were really the continuation of the shoulder to the end of the object's body.

The head was not always above water, but was thrown upward for a few seconds at a time, then disappearing. There was, however, no blowing nor spouting.

This account was substantially confirmed by the statement of the engineer and of others on board. The captain distinctly saw the seal-shaped head, the immense size of the flippers, and a part of the body.

These reports were considered to be of so much interest that the Admiralty thought proper to refer them to the criticism of scientific men as to the probable nature of the apparition, and the matter was placed in the hands of Mr. FRANK BUCKLAND for the purpose, who presented the subject for consideration to Professor OWEN, Mr. A. D. BARTLETT, of the Zoological Garden, Captain DAVID GRAY, and Mr. HENRY LEE, and in a recent number of *Land and Water* he publishes the responses of these gentlemen.

Professor OWEN does not think there is any ground for supposing this to have been an animal unknown to naturalists, but considers it probably referable to some unusual movements of one or more marine animals, either cetaceans or fishes. He, however, is entirely non-committal on the subject, beyond refusing to assent to the existence of any unknown monster.

Mr. BUCKLAND suggests that the phenomena may have been caused by the procession of several basking-sharks, which are of sufficient magnitude to have produced at least some of the appearances.

Captain DAVID GRAY thinks that in all probability the phenomenon was produced by several small whales moving together, the look of the head and shoulders, in the sketch furnished by the officers of the *Osborne*, being quite similar to that of a whale when moving from the spectator. The appearances of the fins, which could not have come from any single whale, might possibly have been produced by a combination of several animals.

Mr. BARTLETT, on the other hand, thinks it possible, perhaps probable, that the animal seen by those on board the *Osborne* may have been a marine reptile analogous to some of the gigantic saurians known to geologists, such as the ichthyosaurus. As illustrating the possibility of the existence of monster animals for a long time unknown to man, he cites the case of the hairy-eared, two-horned rhinoceros, caught at Chittagong some years ago—a species previously entirely unknown to naturalists, although the region inhabited by it was supposed to be thoroughly explored.

Mr. HENRY LEE coincides in opinion with Mr. BARTLETT as to the existence of an undescribed species, and thinks that the phenomena are not to be explained by the movements of any known species, the fact of there being no blowing nor spouting warranting the conclusion that it is not a cetacean.

A case of very rapid growth on the part of the common celery grass of Chesapeake Bay (*Vallisneria spiralis*) is quoted in the American *Journal of Science*, in an article by Mr. A. W. BENNETT, who states that the plant attained a length of forty-three inches in ninety-three hours, or nearly half an inch per hour. The ultimate length of forty-eight inches was reached in the course of the succeeding two or three days.

One of the most striking facts in the study of the fossil bones of certain districts in Europe is seen in the combination of animals of apparently very distinct geographical relations, allowing the inference that in the alternations of the seasons the summers were tropical or subtropical, and the winters subarctic. This is, however, well illustrated in Asia in modern times, where, as on the Lower Amoor, the tiger preys upon the reindeer.

Dr. FINSCH, in the report of his late noted expedition to Northwestern Siberia, announces a similar fact in the co-existence, as far north as the Altaï Mountains, of the tiger and ounce and the Saiga antelope with the reindeer. The caper-cailzie, a well-known member of the European grouse, also occurs in the same locality, and it is a very interesting fact that bones of this bird, the reindeer, and the Saiga are found together in the caverns of Auvergne, constituting an additional proof of the former occurrence there of a climate very similar to that of the northwestern portions of Asia at the present time.

The publication of a new scientific periodical, under the title of the *American Journal of Pure and Applied Mathematics*, is announced. It is under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins University, and will have as editor-in-chief Professor J. J. SYLVESTER, with whom are associated Professors BENJAMIN PIERCE, SIMON NEWCOMB, H. A. ROWLAND, and WILLIAM E. STORY. The magazine will appear in quarto form, and, for the present, four numbers will be issued annually.

The death of Professor U. J. J. LEVERRIER was lately announced by telegraph to the Smithsonian Institution as having taken place on the 23d of September.

This eminent astronomer was born in Normandy on the 11th of March, 1811, and in early life he devoted himself to chemistry, and published several essays on the compounds of phosphorus. He, however, soon turned his attention to mathematics, and at the age of twenty-eight wrote the memoir upon the "Motions of the Planets Jupiter, Saturn, and Uranus."

His first great triumph as an astronomer was in determining by mathematical calculations the existence of a planet outside of Uranus, and influencing its movements. He pointed out the position of the new planet within two degrees of its true place. The region indicated was eagerly explored by astronomers, and the planet itself discovered very shortly afterward.

A similar inference was drawn by Professor ADAMS, of Cambridge, England, and for a long time the world was divided as to which of the two the theoretical discovery was to be ascribed.

In 1853 Professor LEVERRIER became Director of the Observatory of Paris, which he held until 1870, when he resigned. He was re-appointed in 1872, and occupied the position until his death.

Dr. DANIEL DRAPER has published the annual report of the New York Meteorological Observatory for 1876. This is accompanied by several charts, illustrating graphically the annual and monthly rain-fall for a period of years.

One of the most important contributions to the Mathematical and Physical Section, at the late meeting of the British Association at Plymouth, was one by Professor HAUGHTON on the results of the tidal observations made in the recent arctic expedition, this in a great measure corresponding with the communication by Dr. BESSELS on the same subject. The winter-quarters of the *Discovery* proved to be a suitable locality for such observations, and a very complete series was taken, consisting of hourly observations for twenty-eight consecutive weeks.

As the result of the discussion of these observations by Professor HAUGHTON, it has been ascertained that besides the two tides referred to by Dr. BESSELS, the one coming by way of Baffin Bay and the other by Behring Straits, there is still a third, which has equally marked characteristics with the other two. A conclusion drawn by Professor HAUGHTON from this is that Greenland is an island—an inference which from the present state of our knowledge could scarcely be derived from any other data.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A BAILIE of the Scottish capital had been on a visit to London, and on his return expatiated to a friend on the courtesy and attention which he had experienced from one of the city members. Describing how the M.P. had procured free access for him to many of the public institutions, he reached the climax of eulogy by saying, "Why, Sir, he got me a *blank cartridge* for every place in London." Probably the magistrate meant a *carte blanche*.

He murmured, "I am a man of quiet tastes;" then went behind the door, took a flask from his pocket, and tasted something.

A fashionable but illiterate lady who was travelling on the Continent, in writing to a friend, said that she had just seen the "museum of iniquities" in Genoa.

It is said that a Quaker who received a box on the ear, with a request that he would put his religion into practice by turning the other cheek, replied, "Nay, friend, but it is also written that 'with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again,'" and then returned what he had received with interest.

"O for some new-coined name by which to call him! O for some name no other lips could give!" was the prayer of Violet Fane until she married him. Now she is content to call him Old Beeswax.

An English lord had an emu, and the emu laid an egg while its owner was absent in London. He was much mortified to receive the following from his butler: "The emu has laid an egg, and in your lordship's absence I made bold to put it under the biggest goose I could find."

Girls whose opinion about such things is always valuable say that there is too much shirt collar and too little young man in the present fashions to suit their taste.

SERVANT. "Plaze, Sir, we ain't got no bread, and the baker says he won't trust you any longer."
IRATE HIBERNIAN. "The mane baste! No bread? Bedad, then I must have toast!"

A young lady who has suffered from "baggage-smashing" has had her trunks covered with flannel this season, having heard that flannel is a good chest protector.

An extensive land-owner placed a notice board at the entrance of a private road, on which was written:

"NOTICE.—No carts, horses, or passengers allowed to use this road until the gravel is trodden down."

An agricultural society offered a premium for the best mode of irrigation, which was printed "irritation" by mistake. An honest farmer sent his wife to claim the prize.

"Madam," said a certain one to Mrs. Brown, the other day, "you are talking simple rubbish." "Yes, Sir," replied the ever-crushing lady, "because I wish you to comprehend me."

"After all, you were only a circus artist," said a prosperous equestrian's daughter to a well-known and clever actress, now retired from the boards, on meeting her behind the scenes the other day; "you were a member of my father's circus company." "Yes," replied the elder lady, with dignity, "but there are grades even in a circus, and your father used to chalk my shoes."

Victory. Swiftsure. Redoubtable. Agamemnon.

TRAFALGAR—THE SINKING OF THE "REDOUBTABLE."

TRAFALGAR.

THE above engraving represents one of the old-time naval battles, which afforded such brilliant opportunities for the painter's art. The original of our picture is the work of C. BOLAMACHI, an artist of unusual ability, and occupies a prominent position in the principal art gallery at Munich. A hundred years ago no better subject could be found out of which to compose a spirited and striking picture than an engagement between two or more vessels at sea. Nowadays there is no such chance for the display of genius on the part of an artist. Naval warfare has invaded the regions of the mermaids, and decisive blows are struck so far under water that they serve no purpose in the cause of art. No great painting can be made out of the destruction of a naval enemy who has succumbed to the submarine battering-ram of a Monitor, or been blown up by a torpedo.

The battle of Trafalgar has probably inspired more artists than any other great encounter that ever took place on blue water, and the picture we offer our readers this week is not the first whose merits have entitled it to the honor of being engraved for the *Weekly*. At Trafalgar the British fleet humbled the combined navies of France and Spain, and paid for her victory by the loss of the greatest naval commander the world has ever known. In this case certainly the race was not to the swift or the battle to the strong, for the British force numbered only twenty-seven sail of the line, four frigates, one schooner, and one cutter, while that of the French and Spaniards united amounted to thirty-three sail of the line, five frigates and two brigs. In addition to the disproportion in numbers, the largest of the British ships carried thirty guns less than those of her enemies.

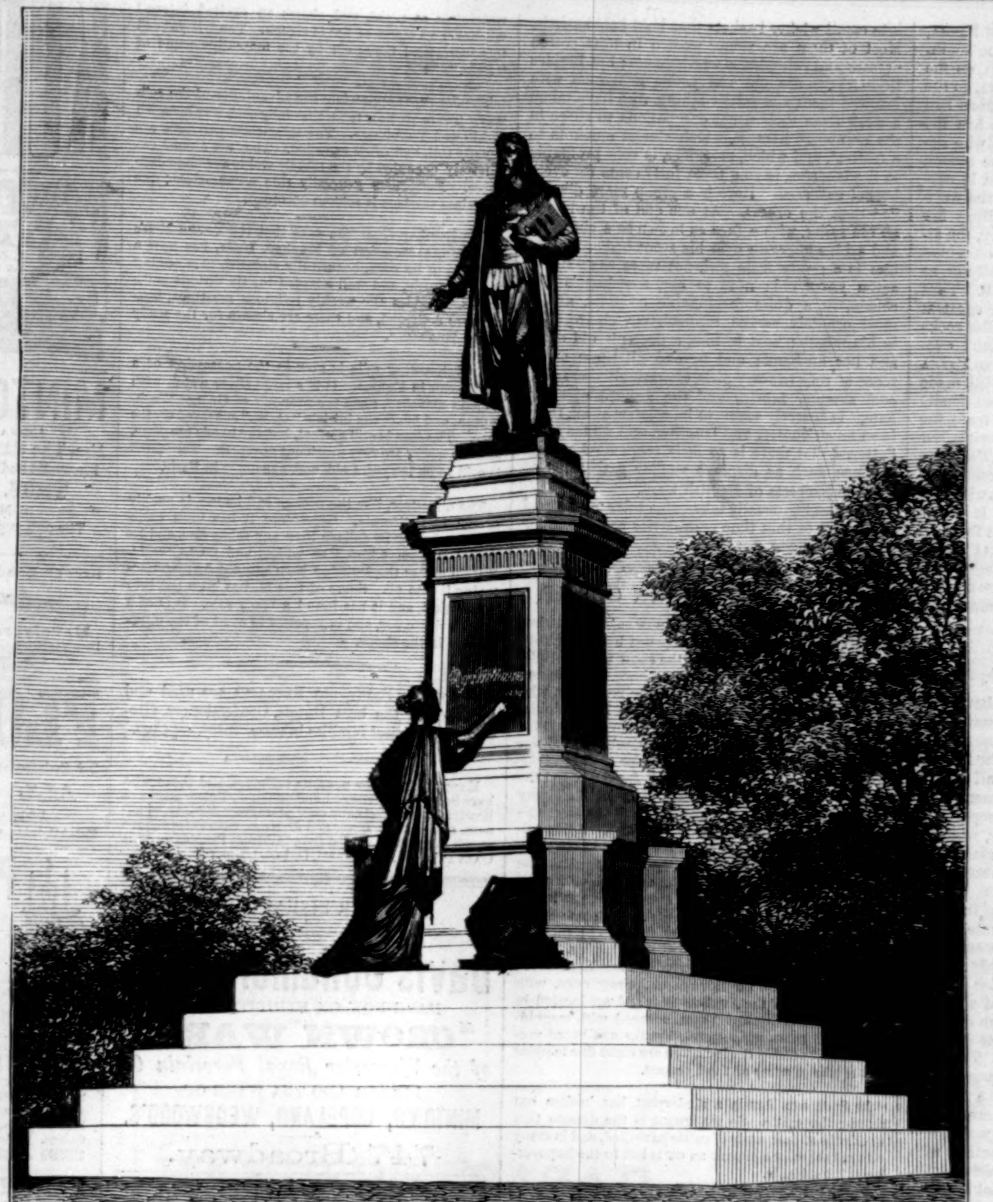
Amid the land victories of France which preceded the naval victory of Trafalgar, the people of Great Britain watched with anxiety the motions of the enemy's fleet, one portion of which, composed of Spanish and French vessels under command of Admiral VILLENEUVE, eluded all vigilance, and escaped to the West Indies. The depredations of this commander were evidently somewhat restrained by dread of an encounter with Lord NELSON, who, with an inferior force, had twice pursued him across the Atlantic. Returning to Europe, VILLENEUVE was re-enforced to the number of twenty ships of the line, and encountered the fleet under Sir ROBERT CALDER off Cape Finisterre. In the action which ensued, Sir ROBERT CALDER, with only fifteen ships of the line, kept at bay his superior enemy, and took two of their large vessels. This action, however, was not decisive, and the British admiral was prevented by the foggy weather and the state of his ships from renewing it the next day. This proved a terrible disappointment to the sanguine hopes of his country, and the unfortunate commander suffered a severe and perhaps unjust penalty—reprimand by court-martial for an error of judgment. Sir ROBERT CALDER received his sentence on July 22, 1805. On the 15th of September Lord NELSON put to sea, and arriving off Cadiz, received the command of the fleet at that station from Admiral COLLINGWOOD.

About the middle of October, having received certain information that he would be joined in a day or two by seven sail of the line from England, he boldly detached Admiral LOUIS with six sail of the line upon a particular service, in so open a manner as to be seen by the enemy. This

manœuvre deceived Admiral VILLENEUVE, who, believing that the British fleet was reduced to twenty-one sail of the line, resolved to redeem his tarnished fame by encountering NELSON himself. He accordingly ventured out from Cadiz with a light westerly wind. Lord NELSON, having received his expected re-enforcement, immediately followed in pursuit, and on the 21st of October descried the combined fleet about seven miles to the eastward of Cape Trafalgar. The commander-in-chief immediately gave the signal for the fleet to bear up in two columns as they formed in the order of sailing. Lord NELSON, in the *Victory*, led the weather column; Admiral COLLINGWOOD, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led that of the lee. VILLENEUVE had formed his ships in one line; but as the mode of attack was unusual, so the structure of his line was new, forming a crescent convexing to leeward.

NELSON'S last signal was, "England expects every man to do his duty." It was received with a shout throughout the whole fleet. About noon the fearful conflict began by the leading ships of the British columns breaking through the enemy's line, which was first effected by Admiral COLLINGWOOD. The succeeding ships, breaking through in all parts astern of their leaders, engaged the enemy at the muzzles of their guns. At twenty minutes past twelve, the action became general. Lord NELSON ordered his ship, the *Victory*, to be run on board the *Redoubtable*, while his second, the *Temeraire*, ran on board the next adjacent ship, and in a short time the four contending vessels were closed in one mass. After a general and furious engagement, continued for several hours, about three o'clock P.M. Admiral GRAVINA, who carried the Spanish flag in the rear, bore away to Cadiz. Five more of the foremost of the enemy, under Admiral DUMANOIR, tacked and stood to the southward. They were engaged, and the sternmost taken. By this time nineteen ships of the line in all remained to contend with the British. Of these two were of the first size, and none were under seventy-four guns.

At forty minutes past four all firing ceased, and a complete victory was announced to Lord NELSON, who had been wounded early in the action by a bullet shot from the *Redoubtable*. He survived just long enough to hear the result of the action, and died, as he had lived, with heroic fortitude. The news of his loss was received in England with dismay and consternation. Misfortunes befell the allied troops in Austria, but they were regarded as a small calamity compared with the death of the great hero. One author writes: "It was said, perhaps with no great exaggeration of NELSON'S merits, that the victory at Trafalgar did not compensate his country for his loss." Two days after the engagement ten ships of the enemy—the remnant of the fleet which had suffered least in the action—ventured out from Cadiz in the hope of capturing some of the British ships which were damaged and scattered by the terrible weather that immediately followed. They were repulsed, however, by Admiral COLLINGWOOD with little difficulty. A number of prizes were taken, some of which it was necessary to destroy, among them the *Redoubtable*, and four only were brought to Gibraltar. Shortly after the action Admiral DUMANOIR fell in with Sir RICHARD STRACHAN off Cape Ferrol. The French commander had four ships, which, after a spirited contest, successively struck their colors. This concluded one of the most remarkable naval battles in the history of the world.



THE MONUMENT TO ROGER WILLIAMS, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND.

THE ROGER WILLIAMS MONUMENT.

THE monument erected at Providence, Rhode Island, in honor of the founder of the city and the State, and unveiled October 16, in the presence of an immense assemblage of people, was designed by Mr. FRANKLIN SIMMONS, well known to visitors to Washington by his Naval Monument in the Capitol grounds. The ROGER WILLIAMS monument consists of a broad granite base, with steps rising one above another, supporting a handsome granite pedestal, and surmounted by a bronze figure of the founder of the State, seven and a half feet high, while on the steps stands History—a draped figure in bronze six and a half feet high—writing the name of ROGER WILLIAMS on the pedestal.

No portrait of WILLIAMS is extant, and the sculptor has given us an ideal figure, very simple and noble in conception. The figure is clad in the historic costume of the Puritans. The left hand holds a large Bible, pressing it against the breast, while the right is slightly raised, as if in persuasive discourse. The expression of the face is benignant, and the forehead is singularly noble.

IN THE SHIPKA PASS.

THE spirited battle sketch on this page represents one of SULEIMAN PASHA'S desperate attempts to retake Fort St. Nicholas, in the Shipka Pass, from the Russians. This assault took place on the night of the 17th of August, and was undertaken by a force of about 3500 men, who had volunteered for the service. They were divided

IN THE SHIPKA PASS—SULEIMAN PASHA AND HIS STAFF WATCHING THE ATTACK ON FORT ST. NICHOLAS.

into three detachments, one, under SALIH PASHA, being told off to attack the height on the southern side; a second, under REDJEB PASHA, on the eastern; and a third, under VEISSEL PASHA, on the western side. The first and third columns had almost reached the enemy's position when the attack was discovered by the Russians, who immediately opened a heavy fire upon the second column. The Turks, however, succeeded in capturing the foremost intrenchments on the western side, and partially silenced the artillery fire higher up. On the eastern side, however, the attacking party were less fortunate, the officers—mainly subalterns—leading their men badly, or, as our artist remarks, not leading them at all. Thus far the Turkish soldiers had evinced the greatest bravery and spirit, scaling almost impossible rocks to shouts of "Allah! Allah! Oudjoum! oudjoum!"—"To the assault!"—but REDJEB PASHA giving way on the east, the Russians rallied, made a desperate charge upon the Turks, and finally drove back the whole of the attacking force, the assault thus ending in utter defeat, owing, our artist writes, to the failure of REDJEB PASHA to support his colleagues at the critical moment.

Our sketch was taken at the moment when the Turks had taken the intrenchment. It shows the almost impregnable character of the fort, and excites our wonder that SULEIMAN PASHA should have attempted to wrest it from the hands of the Russians by direct assault. The courage displayed by the Turkish soldiers in this desperate conflict was admirable.

A CRANBERRY BOG.

THANKSGIVING turkey without cranberries is what life is without matrimony, or matrimony without quarrels. The small red spheres of the fruit, crushed, sweetened, and transmuted into a delicious crystalline jelly, bring out all that is good in the bird's flavor, and supplement it so agreeably that no reasonable housekeeper ever thinks of serving it without that sauce, which in its ruddiness of color seems to have caught the very exhilaration of autumn, and in its taste combines the sweets and sours to perfection.

Much that is idyllic might be written in praise of the cranberry; but though its private habits are interesting, they are not wholly commendable. It exacts more attention than so hardy a fruit should require in its culture, and it has several idiosyncrasies, not the least curious of which is its selection of ground to grow in. The ordinary field with a good depth of loam, such as contents nearly all other berries, is not enough. The cranberry has a preference for the cedar swamp, and will thrive nowhere else. All along the Atlantic coast, from Long Island to Florida, there are cedar swamps, and the only living things that find beauty in them are cranberries, and artists with acutely developed sensibility to the picturesque. The cedar is never a very cheerful-looking tree. Its crisp, mossy, dusky green foliage, that never expands and always looks compactly incipient, is pathetic, and its dull red bark glows feebly under the weighty darkness of the branches. In the swamps it grows densely, and makes perpetual twilight of the seasons; and in the moist, spongy, uncertain ground beneath, the wild cranberry develops in a cloistral privacy more becoming a sentimental violet than so highly colored an esculent as it is.

Domestication and improvement by cultivation have not altered its temperament, and the farmer has never been able to adapt it to any other soil. It is only the soil that it insists on, however; and refined by domestication, it parts contentedly with its old protector the cedar, and thrives in level places, sunshiny and unsheltered, if it is planted in the former bed of that tree.

The cranberry-grower always clears the swamp, removing every vestige of the tangled wood down to the stumps, ditches it, and spreads a depth of from four to twelve inches of sand over it, which is removed from time to time, and under such changed conditions the low-crouching vine of the fruit yields abundance, and prospers as it never prospered in the secluded home of its wildness under the dark boughs of the cedar.

A good "bog," as the swamp is now called, yields about two hundred bushels an acre, more or less, and we visited one last August sixty acres of which were expected to produce over three hundred bushels an acre. That is near West Creek, an old fishing village on the Tuckerton branch of the New Jersey Southern Railway, and includes about one hundred and ten acres, which scarcely ever yield less than fifteen thousand bushels a year. The berries were then ripening for the September picking, and trailed along the smooth moist ground in countless thousands.

The vine is perennial, but its weight of fruit holds it to the surface, and one must stoop with his back to the sun, and gently draw the slender branches and small dark green leaves aside to discover in what astonishing compactness the berries hang. The grower went into ecstasies as he showed them to us—ecstasies over their abundance—and it was impossible not to admire their exquisite colors, the redness of ripeness not having appeared, and faint blushes of crimson melting into delicate pinks and a bluish creaminess or a soft purple. They are never prettier than late in August, and the deep crimson of their maturity is not nearly so charming as the tints of their budding.

The gathering begins early in September, and the seven hundred people employed in it make an exhilarating and attractive scene. Parts of the old swamp, with the cedars still growing, surround the bog and scent the air; rivulets divide the ground into squares, and hold many lilies on their placid surfaces. The pickers have been mustered from all the neighboring farms and villages, and work in regimental rows, beginning at one end of a square, and backing down to the other, and putting the berries as they are gathered into small wicker baskets that hold half bushels. Most of them are young women in neat cotton dresses and voluminous sun-bonnets; but besides these there are old and young fishermen with bronzed faces and salty clothing, who have taken a week from their usual occupations to share in the cranberry harvest, which almost amounts to a festival, and which, moreover, is very profitable to the laborers, paying them forty cents for every bushel gathered. Here is a group more diversified than the others. At one end of the line is an old sailor, with a face as brown as a chestnut, and a blue guernsey over his stout body; next to him is a pretty little girl, not more than six or seven years old; next to her, somebody's city cousin, in a quite fashionable costume, and a most ornately carved meerschaum cigar-holder in his mouth; next to him, a decrepit old dame and her husband; and beyond all these are a score of rosy country girls, charmingly dressed in cool summer fabrics and the archest of straw hats. It scarcely seems to be a labor at all, there is so much chatter and laughter, and we may feel flattered that there is so little coarseness and ignorance, such as disgrace similar gatherings at the hop harvests of English Kent.

The picking usually takes about five weeks, and at the end of that time cranberries are a familiar thing in the city stores.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

TOKIO, the Japanese capital, is now enjoying its first National Exhibition. It was opened by the Mikado in person on August 21, and the show will continue for one hundred days from that time. The general arrangements have been made by the gentlemen who controlled the Japanese department at Philadelphia, and many features of the Centennial have been reproduced. There is an Agricultural, Horticultural, and Machinery Hall, and an Art Building; also an Educational Museum. The exhibitors are all Japanese, and the articles have all been made in Japan. In Machinery Hall the exhibit is not large, but both the Horticultural and Agricultural halls are well filled. A fine collection of the woods of Japan, prepared so as to show the grain, is mentioned as of special interest. The articles of silk, of porcelain, bronze, and of lacquer-work are elegant, though not as numerous as in the Japanese section of the Centennial. But some specimens of native handiwork are reported to be superior to any thing in the Exhibition at Philadelphia. Many of these are designed for the coming Paris Exposition. The buildings for the fair are temporary ones, with the exception of the Art Building, and are located in Uyeno Park—a beautiful spot, adorned with magnificent shade trees, with graveled walks and broad avenues. Just outside the inclosure are some fine temples and tombs of some of the Tycoons.

In Southern Russia a rinderpest has broken out among the cattle. So malignant is the disease that hundreds of thousands of cattle have died, and in many villages scarcely a cow or an ox is left to the impoverished inhabitants.

There is an opportunity for more to join the Woodruff Scientific Expedition, and participate in the benefits to be derived from such an enterprise. The date of the sailing of the expedition has been postponed to May, 1878, and a new iron ship is to be built for its special uses. It is expected that it will be one of the finest specimens of American ship-building.

Asiatic cholera has broken out in Yokohama—the result of having no quarantine for vessels from infected ports.

It is a pleasure, in these hard times, to notice small economies in the great departments of our government. It is a good example for a nation, as a body, to set to its individual members. When a private citizen observes that the estimates of appropriations required in the War Department for the service of the fiscal year are $32,436,764 98, he naturally admires the exactness which prevented the demand from being $32,436,765. And he recalls the vast sum which, as a school-boy, he learned would result from one cent put at interest at the beginning of the Christian era, and remembers that two cents would bring a double amount. Then observing that the estimates of the needs of the Navy Department are $2,003,861 27, and of the Treasury Department $273,891 29, he becomes bewildered at the possible results to the nation of saving six cents by exact estimates!

A creature has been found in the vineyards of France which voraciously devours phylloxera in the larva state. M. Laliman, who has interested himself in this matter, saw ninety-five of the vine pests disappear before the attacks of this new insect in about ten minutes.

Among the curious the question just now is whether the seven-legged horse from Vermont will trot any faster than a four-legged horse. Also, whether the five horns with which his head is adorned are used offensively or only defensively.

The *Evening Mail* shows a simple method of getting rich. The following table gives the result of saving a certain amount each day for fifty years, and putting it at interest at six per cent.:

DAILY SAVING.	THE RESULT.
One cent	$950
Ten cents	9,504
Twenty cents	19,008
Thirty cents	28,512
Forty cents	38,015
Fifty cents	47,520
Sixty cents	57,024
Seventy cents	68,528
Eighty cents	76,032
Ninety cents	85,537
One dollar	95,041

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in San Francisco, has attempted the relief of a little Chinese girl about ten years old, whose feet were undergoing a painful process of bandaging for the purpose of stunting their growth. At the trial it was found that th. child's feet were already completely deformed, so that they could never be restored to their normal condition.

Chicago is always having some new wonder. The latest is a cat—what we might call a fire-alarm-telegraph-office cat. She lives in the alarm office, apparently understands all the arrangements and apparatus, watches the men to see that they do their duties faithfully, eyes strangers suspiciously, keeps company with the watchman at night, and shows an excited interest whenever an alarm of fire is struck. The "boys" call this wonderful tabby cat by the masculine name of "Pete."

The Japanese appreciate the advantages of the railway. There are now ten trains daily each way between Tokio and Yokohama. The third-class carriages are usually full, and often crowded. They are almost exclusively occupied by the middle and lower class Japanese. Foreigners generally ride second-class; the first-class carriage is seldom occupied.

The Bombay *Guardian* says that the Young Men's Christian Association of Bombay, India, has now a building of its own, beautifully situated, overlooking the Esplanade, and well adapted for its various gatherings. Besides the weekly religious meetings, lectures are delivered, and there are classes for the study of the languages.

An interesting relic is now in the possession of a gentleman in Kansas. It is a large silver watch with a chain attached, once the property of George Washington, and bears the initials "G. W." engraved on the case. The face is still perfect, but the hands are gone, and the works are very much out of repair. The watch is said to be 150 years old, and was made in Paris.

The olive-tree, like the orange and lemon, is readily grown in California. Heretofore it has been cultivated more for its foliage than any thing else, and its fruit has been allowed to wither and go to waste. Within a year the fruit has been utilized by manufacturing it into oil. Some of this oil has been put into the market, and it has found a ready sale. It is of a bright, rich color, and is superior to most of the olive-oil sold in the shops.

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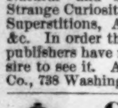
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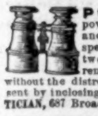

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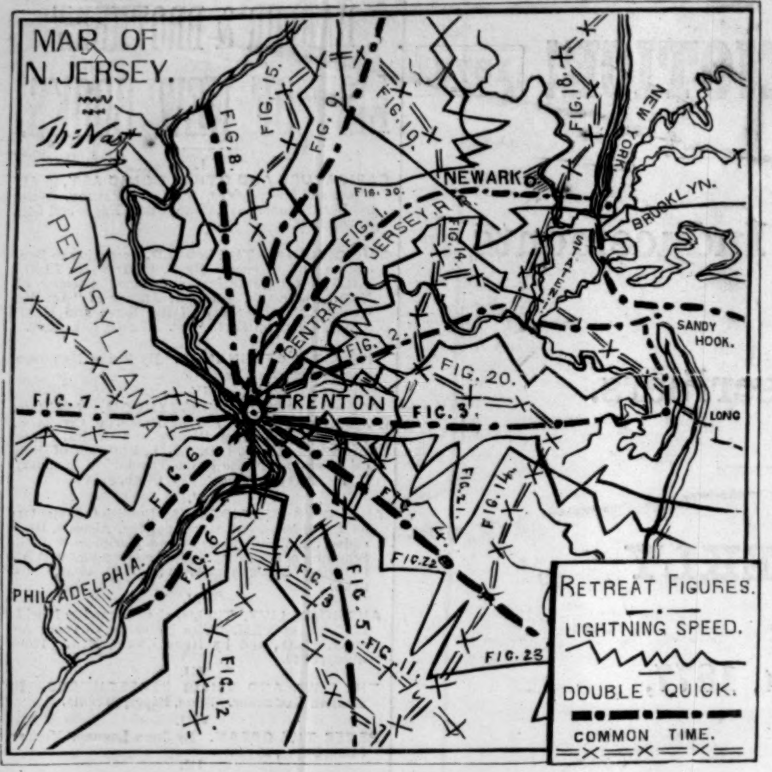

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It is impossible for a foreigner to ride through the streets of any city in Japan without having his attention constantly drawn to large gaps in the rows of buildings, where charred timbers and generally chaotic masses of rubbish mark the scene of a recent fire. The ravages occasionally extend for blocks, while here and there, as if to make the devastation more conspicuous, single houses are seen standing unscathed and erect amid the smouldering heaps and blackened ruins. These are fire-proof buildings, built of mud, chiefly from one to two feet thick, and with windows closed with iron, hermetically sealing all access to the interior. They are not, however, specially suitable for habitation, nor attractive enough in appearance to make them favorites with the Japanese people, who prefer the insecurity of their tasteful wooden residences.

There are no fire-insurance offices in Japan, and but very imperfect means of extinguishing a conflagration when it does take place. Water is scarce, and the building materials used are of such an easily inflammable nature, that nothing is more common than to see whole streets leveled by fire in a single night. There are fire bells and stations at short distances, and an elaborate and apparently well-organized system of fire-brigades; but without a plentiful supply of water and good engines, mere labor can do little. The bells have distinct modes of communicating information not only of the breaking out of a fire, but the exact quarter where it is situated, and the assistance necessary to extinguish it.

It is a curious feature of Japanese economy that they will pay little or no attention to the advantages to be derived from a system of fire-insurance. Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, the author of an exhaustive work entitled *The Capital of the Tycoon*, published by the HARPERS, speaks as follows of his attempts to introduce the subject to the notice of the authorities: "As to fire-insurance, I once had some conversation with the ministers on the subject, in which they seemed to take a great interest; but they were more especially struck by the idea of assurances on life. I think their first idea was that by some cunning financial operation a life could be prolonged, or even brought back, as they have 'long-life pills in gold' every where advertised, and supposed to possess some power of securing longevity. As to the insurance, I am not quite sure they are so far wrong in fancying some occult connection between a life-annuity and longevity. The Registrar-General's returns of the duration of life in annuitants, compared with other classes, would seem to prove it. But as regards insurance against fire, that from the first seemed to them to be the most hopeless of things. Here, as in China, in addition to the incorrigible carelessness of the natives living in most combustible houses, there is a considerable prevalence of incendiarism, without such additional premium as insurance might offer where there is no general trust in each other's honesty. Indeed, in England grave doubts have been expressed by those best informed 'whether the practice of insurance, which has done so much to mitigate the ruin wrought by fire, may not have exercised some baneful influence by increasing the motives for arson.' So hard is it to devise any good that shall not give rise to an attendant evil! Be this as it may, the Japanese look for no aid in this direction, and take the burning down of a whole quarter periodically very much as they do the advent of an earthquake or a typhoon—calamities beyond the power or wisdom of man to avert."

But although the Japanese regard any attempt to guard against the approach of the "fire fiend" as hopeless, they nevertheless have their own methods of discovering when he is about to descend upon them. Every "sign" is carefully heeded, and the following prognostics are deemed unfailing: When the cocks crow loudly in the evening, when the dogs climb up on the roof of a house or a building of any kind, a conflagration will certainly ensue in some quarter. If a weasel cries out once, fire will break out. To avert it a person must pour out three dipperfuls of water, holding the dipper in the left hand. A peculiar kind of grass, called *hinodé* (sunrise), grows on many Japanese houses. This must not be pulled up, otherwise the house will take fire. In addition to these remarkable methods of discovering the approach of fire, the Japanese have another institution, which argues the possession of some small allowance of common-sense. The cities are divided into beats, through which night roundsmen pace, lantern in hand, and jingling an iron staff surmounted by bunches of rings. This they thump on the ground at every few steps, at the same time crying out, "*Hi-no yajé!*" ("Look out for fire!")

Between their fires and their earthquakes, the Japanese have no architecture. They live on a volcanic soil, the surface of which is affected with

a species of ague, thus denying the first condition of a builder, a stable foundation, and imposing a law of construction fatal to all architectural pretension or excellence. Nearly all the houses are constructed of solid wooden frames strongly knit together, the walls being merely a thin layer of mud to keep out the cold and heat, and the whole surmounted by ponderous and overhanging roofs of rather an ornamental character. These, as may easily be understood, are not readily shaken down. Nevertheless, once in about every seven years, according to Japanese report, the inhabitants must make up their minds to see their wooden cities reduced to a heap of ruins by an earthquake too violent for even such constructions to resist, and completed by fire, which inevitably follows. Of late, however, there has been considerable improvement in the matter of architecture among the Japanese. Some attempts have been made at heightening the roofs, and now and then they venture upon the construction of a modest three-storied pagoda. The temples are more ambitious yet; but these afford safer grounds for architectural experiments, for, as a rule, people do not live in them, and the risk of an occasional visit is comparatively slight.

Curious to relate, the most disastrous fire that ever took place at Jeddo, the capital city of Japan, now known by the unfamiliar name of Tōkiō, broke out in the most aristocratic quarter—that containing the residences of the Daimios, or Japanese princes. Here are fine open spaces or causeways, not less than fifty feet in width, lined on one side with the outer buildings and great massive-looking gateways of the Daimios' residences and those of the high officers in the employment of the government, and on the other by the large deep moats fed by tributary rivers, in which at certain seasons of the year thousands of wild fowl live undisturbed, it being a crime punishable with death to shoot or otherwise molest them. The moats, like the causeways, which serve as glacis, are wide, with sloping banks descending to the water's edge, some fifty feet or more from the level of the road. These are in some places massive walls, and in others faced with turf, always beautifully kept and always green, surmounted at the top by a rampart wall. Where walls and bastions of stone exist, these are composed of blocks of granite, consisting of polygons laid on each other in irregular lines, the better to meet the shock of continuous earthquake by allowing a certain latitude of motion without fracture or serious displacement as a result.

Yet, in spite of stone walls, open spaces, and an excellent water supply, on the 3d of April, 1872, at 3 P.M., during the prevalence of a high wind, a fire, breaking out inside the castle circuit, leaped wall and moat, and in five hours swept Tōkiō to the bay. Five thousand houses and hundreds of yashikis and temples—among them the great Monzèki, in Tsŭkuji—were destroyed. The foreign hotels were left in ashes, which covered many square miles. The fire was unquestionably communicated from the Daimios' quarter to the rest of the city by the immense timber bridges which spanned the moats at that time. Since the calamity these have been replaced by constructions of a less dangerous character. Following the example of Western nations, the Japanese now build their principal bridges of stone and iron. In many cases, also, the avenues, fifty feet in width, were widened to sixty and ninety, and rows of brick houses replaced the combustible wooden dwellings. The former, however, though safer in case of fire, do not offer much protection against earthquake, which occasionally sends a brick building rattling down about its owner's ears in a highly fantastic manner.

A CONFLAGRATION A

Another great conflagration which destroyed the larger part of a Japanese city was that which occurred at Kiōto in 1864. This city was at that time the capital of the empire; and during the difficulties that beset the government in regard to opening their ports to foreigners, a force of armed men, headed by what was known as the Chōshiu clan, made their appearance in the suburbs, with the determination to compel the government into pursuing a certain line of conduct. Their first act was to present a petition to the Mikado, who declined to return them any answer. Subsequently a notification that they were to be punished was issued to them by the court, then under the special influence of AIDZU, governor of the city.

The Chōshiu men replied with expressions of regret to their friends at court, and in their turn issued a manifesto vindicating the justice of their cause, and at the same time swore vengeance against AIDZU, whose troops were encamped in the imperial flower garden. Then asking pardon of the Son of Heaven "for making a disturbance so near the base of the chariot" (the throne), they accepted the wager of battle, and rushed to the attack. "The crisis had arrived," says the native chronicler, "and the spirit of murder filled and overflowed heaven and earth. The term *chōtéki* (rebel), which for centuries had been obsolete, now again came into being. Many myriads of habitations were destroyed, and millions of people were plunged into a fiery pit." On the 20th of August, 1864, at day-dawn, the battle began, the Chōshiu men advancing in three divisions, numbering in all 1300 men, their design being to attack the nine gates of the imperial palace and surround battle raged furiously city in a conflagration reduced large quarter The fighting was by mostly with sword, a 811 streets, 27,400 h and 630 small yashik Buddhist temples, 40 and one eta village w

RATION [OF] A JAPANESE CITY.

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...ower garden. The ...o days, involving the ...n, fanned by a gale, ...to a level of ashes. ...in armor, equipped ...nnon, and musket: ...8 palaces, 44 large ...Shintō shrines, 115 ...400 beggars' huts, ...royed by the flames.

"The capital, surrounded by a ninefold circle of flowers, entirely disappeared in one morning in the smoke of the flames of a war fire." The populace fled to the suburbs, dwelling on roofless earth, pestered by the heat and clouds of mosquitoes, while men in soldiers' dress played the robber without fear. "The Blossom Capital became a scorched desert." The Chōshiu were utterly defeated, and driven out of the city. Thirty-seven of them were decapitated in prison.

A COFFEE PLANTATION.

Those of our readers—and there are probably but few exceptions—who delight in the fragrance that greets them from a hissing coffee-urn, and wait with impatience for the moment when the golden yellow nectar shall be offered to their lips, will not fail to feel an interest in the history of the little gray bean that ministers so much enjoyment to their thirsty palates, and of the processes by which it is grown and prepared. The coffee-plant does not appear to have been known to the Greeks or Romans, nor can any reliable information be obtained regarding its early use in the East. In a manuscript now deposited in the Bibliothèque Nationale, coffee is said to have been introduced into Arabia about the middle of the fifteenth century by Megaleddin, Mufti of Ada, who met with it in Persia. From Ada the use of coffee extended to Mecca and other Arabian towns, and in a short time coffee-houses were every where established throughout the country. At Grand Cairo the use of it was prohibited in 1511, on the supposition that it produced intoxication. This prohibition was soon removed, and in 1523, when a second attempt was made to prohibit its use, a violent commotion took place, and coffee was drunk with impunity.

The use of coffee in the west of Europe appears to have been known about the end of the sixteenth century. It was introduced into Marseilles in 1644 by some gentlemen who accompanied M. De la Haye to Constantinople. Several bales were brought from Egypt to Marseilles in 1660, and in 1671 a coffee-house was opened in that city. Thévenot had already brought a small quantity of it to Paris in 1657, but it was not generally known in that metropolis until 1669, when it was introduced by the ambassador from the Porte. In 1672 the first coffee-house was opened by a man named Pascal, an Armenian, who afterward went to London. Coffee was introduced into the latter city about the same date. As early as 1652 Daniel Edwards, a Turkish merchant, brought with him to London a Greek servant who understood the method of roasting and preparing it, and who was the first to sell it publicly. In the year 1660 a duty of fourpence was laid upon every gallon of coffee, and in 1663 it was enacted that all coffee-houses should take out a license at the quarter sessions.

Coffee may be cultivated most advantageously in countries where the average temperature of the year is 64° to 70° Fahrenheit. The soil should be new and free, and a little elevated, so that the tropical heats may be moderated by rain. During the first two years the plants should be carefully freed from weeds, and this should be done by the hand rather than the hoe. It is also important that they should be trimmed when at a certain height. In the island of Sumatra the leaves of the coffee-tree are used instead of the seed. They are prepared by quick drying, after the manner of tea, and in this state contain even a larger portion of caffeine than is found in the bean. Methods of raising coffee differ in different parts of the world, but the use of the leaf is unusual.

The sketches on the last page of our Supplement show the process of cultivating coffee as it is carried on in Guatemala. The following notes, descriptive of the drawings, are culled from information furnished by the artist:

1. *Loading a Coffee Launch.*—This sketch illustrates the shipping of coffee at Champerico by means of surf-boats. The breakers on this coast are very heavy. Waves are often seen running along the pier at San José twenty-four feet in height by actual measurement. A pier is now in process of building at Champerico from which the launches can start outside the breakers. At present the small vessel is run upon a line attached to a buoy some hundred yards from the shore. The captain, together with a crew of eight men, secures a cargo of about fifty bags of coffee, weighing 180 pounds each. This being accomplished, they wait patiently for a favorable movement of the breakers, and then pull as rapidly as possible at the line until the danger is passed.

2. *Coffee-Harvesting at San Isidro.*—In the earlier days of coffee-raising in Guatemala it was supposed that the best berries were those grown at a low elevation. Of late, however, it has been demonstrated that proper cultivation, together with a judicious selection of locality, will produce a coffee of excellent flavor at a height formerly considered unsuitable for the purpose of coffee-raising. William Nelson, of the celebrated plantation of Las Nubes, has been especially successful in the growing of coffee at unusual elevations. The plantation shown in the sketch is one owned by him at San Isidro, and lies 800 to 1000 feet above the sea-level.

3. *Drying Coffee-Berries on the "Patio," Las Nubes, Guatemala.*—After the pulp of the coffee-berry has been discharged by fermentation, the next operation is that of drying. This formerly occupied a period of several days in the higher